

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Government Control of the Telegraph.

It is known that a proposition has been made in England to take the telegraph system of that country under Government control, and put it under corresponding management with the mails. If there is any good reason why the latter should be controlled by the Government, it applies equally to the first. It is conceded that interests so important as those connected with the mails, responsibility, uniformity, etc., should not be left to individuals or corporations. They are common and universal interests, such as government is organized to foster and protect. No one imagines for a moment that the mails could be managed through any except governmental machinery.

Yet the telegraph, which, if not exactly a mail-bag, carries precisely the same messages along its wires, is in the hands of hundreds of companies, sometimes competing, often mismanaged, and always irresponsible, without uniformity or "rhyme or reason" in their rates, and which have not so much wish to

increase telegraphic correspondence as to keep up their charges.

The result of Parliamentary inquiry in England is, not only that Government should have the control of the telegraph on general grounds, but as a means of cheapening its use, and thus facilitating business, while saving the people from needless taxation. The machinery of the post-office can be applied to the management of the telegraph with little increase on its present expenditures. No additional post-offices or buildings would be needed, while the expense of keeping up some hundreds of special establishments and a swarm of presidents and directors would be saved.

The plan works admirably in Belgium and Switzerland, where the average rates for messages have been reduced to about one-tenth what they are in England. In Belgium the rate is uniform, ten cents for twenty words, and the consequence is similar to that of the adoption of a low and uniform rate of postage, namely, a wonderful and beneficial development of telegraphing, so that the telegraph

absolutely receives more than it did under the old system of high rates, besides compensating the additional expenses. The system practiced in Belgium is simple and efficient, and worth considering here.

In addition to offices provided with the apparatus for the transmission of telegrams, there are certain offices which are not so provided, but at which the public may deposit and pay for their messages. These offices are called offices of deposit. Every post-office which is not a telegraphic office is an office of deposit, and like offices have been opened at a large number of railway stations. Ordinary telegrams must be paid for in stamps, or, which comes to the same thing, must be written on stamped paper. For ten cents, then, an ordinary message of twenty words may be sent from any part to any other part of Belgium. The sender may either take or send it to the nearest telegraphic office, or, if that be too distant from him, may deposit it at the nearest deposit office, from which it will be dispatched free of charge to the nearest telegraphic office,

being dispatched at once if the telegraphic office and the deposit office are situated in the same locality, and when they are not so situated being dispatched by the first outgoing carrier. Even in these latter cases, should the sender desire immediate dispatch from the deposit office to the nearest telegraphic office, the deposit office will find the means of dispatch if the sender will defray the expense. On the arrival of the message at the terminal telegraphic office it is at once delivered free of charge if the addressee resides within the limits of the terminal office, but if he does not reside it is sent to him free of charge by post. Even in these latter cases, however, the sender, by paying the expense of a special messenger, may have it so delivered. The locality served free of charge by a telegraphic office is defined as comprising the whole of the town or village in which the telegraphic office is situated, and the adjoining places within a circle of a mile and a quarter—from the telegraphic office. Lastly, it may be noted that even if a double transmission by post takes place—i. e., a trans-



THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE ORDER TO CLEAR THE GALLERIES, MAY 6TH, 1868.—REMARKS MADE BY MOVING FOR THE ARREST OF THE DISORDERLY SPECTATORS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 161.



sion by post from the sender to the telegraphic office of dispatch, and a transmission by post from the telegraphic office of receipt to the addressee, no addition is made to the charge.

The Swiss system is much the same, but there is one important addition, namely—that in Switzerland *mandats de poste* (money orders) may, if the sender desires it, be sent by telegraph as well as by post.

Our country is so much wider than Belgium and Switzerland, that it would not be equally easy to introduce the same system, but it could be adopted as regards all our principal cities and business localities.

The main point, however, is the reduction in the rates, which could be effected by a consolidation of the telegraphs under a single control. Such consolidation could only be effected by the Government. We ought to have a uniform rate of at least one cent a word, or ten cents for ten words, and so on, and still have the telegraph pay better than the post-office.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

### Zoological Garden in Central Park.

The plan of establishing a Zoological Garden in Central Park has of late attracted some attention, not a little of it due to the interest created by the recent lectures of Mr. Hawkins, of London—the gentleman to whom the world is indebted for the remarkable Natural History Restoration in the grounds of the Sydenham Crystal Palace. We do not propose to say a word on the scientific aspect of the question—the advantages that students might obtain from such an establishment. These fellows are few in number in the first place, seldom own real estate, have no money to gamble with in Wall street, and rarely vote. They are of "no use" in a commercial, stock-operating, fashionable, and "fast" city. They can't "repeat" at the polls, and have a necessary, if not natural, proclivity for garrets. We disdain to notice them!

What we want is amusement. If we who have houses, and sometimes go to Wall street, and sometimes, with far better chance, to Morrissey's, and always to the French Theatre, the Italian Opera, and the fashionable church—why, if we want amusement, we are bound to have it, and will have it. Money? Bah!

Well, we do have babies, Hepworth Dixon to the contrary notwithstanding, and if the Irish nurses do not choke them, or dose them to death with paregoric, or drop them out of the second story window, or something, they are apt to grow up, and take an interest in things—in living things. In other words, in Natural History. There is a time when they love and appreciate God's works with a natural impulse, before they go to Wall street or to the Hon. Morrissey's, or to the French Theatre, or to the —! And it is precisely for our young Dives that we insist on a Zoological Garden. It will amuse him, and he will want to read about the strange beasts and birds that he has seen there, and when he gets far enough ahead, he may possibly spend his pennies in books to tell him where all the strange objects he has seen came from, why and how they live. In short, he may, probably will, take some small turn toward science, which, if Dives père does not interfere with, will be a resource for him through life, even if he be condemned to Wall street and the Italian Opera "by the force of circumstances." There is, it is true, a bare but dangerous possibility that he may refuse to go to Wall street, and prefer a garret, while becoming a Caviar, a Humboldt or an Agassiz. But there are risks we must take in order to be amused.

We want some camels, an elephant or two, a deep-chested lion, and plenty of quaint bears, and funny monkeys—but bears especially—in the Central Park. And flamingos, and noisy parrots! To say nothing of the American eagle!

Besides amusing our darling little Dives, it will give us an opportunity of dismounting from our equipages, leaving our gorgeous John Thomas and excellent Pat John to attend the champing horses, while we, too, take a stroll through its walks with Madame Dives—who will probably tell us that she "can't see the use of those ugly, shocking things." She will go with us nevertheless, because Señor Fulano and the Comte de Quelqu'chose (who are sweet on the elder Miss Dives, fifteen last birthday), are sure to be there. They are interested in Natural History, of a certain kind.

For these, if for no other reasons, shall we not have a Zoological Garden in the Central Park?

### "The King of the Tonga Islands."

We all thought the great "Mosquito Question," over which we used to get excited in

less exciting days, had been definitely settled. Some years ago Nicaragua agreed to pay that funny potentate, the "King of the Mosquitoes," a certain annual pension, on condition of his ceasing to arrogate any sovereign or proprietary rights on the Mosquito Shore. Great Britain, as the "protector" of Quaggo, stipulated thus much on his behalf, and withdrew from the Shore.

Now it seems that Quaggo is dead, and Nicaragua rightly insists that his pension died with him. But this does not suit the interests of certain English settlers on the coast, who used to supply Quaggo with rum, and through the convenient channel of his throat, diverted his pension into their own pockets. And so, insisting that "the King never dies," they have set up another King of equally bibulous capacities with Quaggo, and demand that he shall receive the lapsed pension. But as the pretended Quaggo II. is not a son of Quaggo I., nor yet a relation of his, and was not chosen as their chief by the Mosquitoes, who do not recognize him in any way, the Government of Nicaragua refuses to pay him a single *quartillo*, maintaining, as already said, that the pension was only for and during the lifetime of Quaggo the First.

So the disappointed vendors of raw Jamaica have made complaint to the British Government, through one Pim, who, it seems, has some interests at a place appropriately called "Monkey Point," and Lord Stanley has absolutely taken up the quarrel of the adventurers, and resumed some thing of the insulting and bullying manner toward Nicaragua which Lord Palmerston held twenty years ago. The United States has no interest in the matter, beyond seeing to it that there shall be no revival of territorial pretensions in Central America by Great Britain, under the transparent pretext of supporting the assumed rights of a "bogus" savage King.

### Congressional Indecency.

We are happy to learn, on the authority of a correspondent of the New York Times in the city of Mexico, that Mexican Congressmen and officials behave like blackguards. We thought it was the exclusive prerogative of our own legislative Solons to bring the blush to the brow of the nation. The Donnelly-Washburne affair in the House of Representatives last week is without parallel in history for filth and vulgarity, and if Mr. Colfax loses a nomination for the Vice Presidency, it may fairly be due to the fact that he did not suppress this dirty Donnelly at the very outset of his indecency. We are sorry that Mr. Washburne allowed the assault of such a poor wretch as this man seems to be to provoke him into a loss of his temper and judgment, and into the use of language almost equally gross. It seems to be a question whether we have not lost in the expostions of decency by the suppression of the duel. It really does appear as if a certain class of men can only be persuaded to keep a civil tongue in their heads and confine themselves to the use of decent language by the fear of being called to account by the ominous mouth of the pistol. Blackguards generally respect the sharp click of a Derringer.

But we spoke of the Mexicans. The correspondent of the Times says of a breakfast given to the President just after the adjournment of the Mexican Congress, on the anniversary of his birthday:

"The custom of 'smashing hats' seems to be peculiarly Mexican, and is generally accepted as 'the thing' that not even the respect due to the office of chief magistrate of a 'great republic' exempted the President, Juarez, from having his hat knocked down over his eyes. We cannot approve of such a proceeding, but we must give Juarez credit for a vast amount of patient endurance and phlegm. Not a muscle of his face moved, and he arose immediately after and made the best use of the day. As to Cabinet Ministers, it is useless to comment upon their conduct and treatment, inasmuch as the President was not respected. 'Notwithstanding our democratic education and republican proclivities, we must confess ourselves astounded to see Ministers of Government—men with white hair and bald heads—chasing each other around, some without hats and some with only the rims of what were hats below the eyes. The comparison to a party of school-boys let out to play became painfully striking, with the distinction that the boys had the excuse of youth and childish thoughtlessness for their pranks, while the most that can be said in favor of these overgrown boys is that reflection and common decency were drowned in the fumes of wine.'

Suppose there had been a correspondent of *El Tiempo* of Mexico in Washington last week! Would he not have had a more humiliating story to tell?

### California Wines.

CALIFORNIA is a great grape-growing, and promises to be a great wine-producing State. In the production of grapes she has advantages over all other countries of the world, whether Germany, France or Spain. There are no storms, no frosts, no insects to disturb either the vine, blossom or fruit. From ten to fifteen, eighteen and twenty thousand pounds of grapes are grown to the acre, according to the age of the vine, which is almost three times as much as can be raised per acre in Ohio or in Europe. But labor costs thrice or four times as much, which verifies the law of compensations.

What is known as the California white wine, or California Hook, is, so far, the best, and really

the only successful wine yet made in the State. But very little of it has, however, found its way Eastward, and that was not "ripe," owing to the eagerness of producers or manufacturers to "realize." It is a mistake of the California manufacturers to place in the market all kinds of "doctored" wines, with old and fanciful names, even before they have established a character for their flock. These "doctored wines" are the Angelica, Sherry, Port, Claret, Muscatel, Madeira, etc., in which sugar and brandy are the chief ingredients. The so-called Claret is a dead failure. The very poorest of French Claret is infinitely better and much cheaper than the native. The Muscatel is not worth noticing. The Madeira is palatable, but has no bouquet and no effect. The attempts to make good sparkling wines have resulted in failure and loss. But some good brandy has been produced, and, sooner or later, with experience and skill, we shall get good wines of many varieties from the Golden State. Speed the time!

### Matters and Things.

THE London Post, apropos of Mr. Bierstadt's picture, "The Domes of the Yosemite," has the following observations: "Mr. Bierstadt is a great painter. He is not so great a painter as Mr. Church. He is not so daring a colorist. He is not gifted with so lofty an imagination; but he has immense industry—industry not only of production, but of observation and record. He is a most conscientious and accurate observer of nature, and he is endowed, moreover, with that all-important power of intellectually interpreting his observations, without the exercise of which no painting, however true or clever, may claim to rise to the standard of high art. By the intellectual interpretation of observed facts, we mean the representation of an intellectual impression—the painting, in short, of an idea. Now, Mr. Bierstadt not only looks at nature, but thinks about her also. He observes a storm, or he observes a mountain; and he takes an infinite number of literal and careful notes about that storm or that mountain; but he is at the same time storing his mind with ideas about the storm and the mountain; and in his painting he gives us his ideas as well as his facts."—The Church and the Theatre have often been, perhaps always, in opposition, but the matter, in a small way, has lately become amusingly personal. The curate of the Madeleine, in Paris, after severely censuring his congregation for going to the Theatre Francaise, declared that he would excommunicate any one of them, or all of them, he could detect in having done so; they should not come to church, like good Christians, if they went to the playhouse. When the premonition reached the ears of M. le Directeur, he replied, "Very good; I refuse tickets henceforth to whosoever among the audience attends church!" Who is to get the best of it—priest or player?—London, forty years ago, contained, with its numerous suburbs, a million and a half of people. It has now double that number. New York and its suburbs have now a greater population than London had in 1828, and this doubles in about every fifteen years, instead of forty. If we allow to London a yearly increase in population of two per cent, on three millions of inhabitants, and to New York an increase of five per cent, on a million and a half, London will contain, in 1882, four millions, and New York and its suburbs three millions. In 1893 they should be nearly equal, New York being in advance, with 4,849,387 against 4,823,514 in London.—The Emperor of the French lately created M. Paul Dupont, proprietor of a Paris printing establishment, an Officer of the Legion of Honor. A deputation from the printing-office waited on the Emperor with an address of thanks, signed by the eleven hundred workmen employed. The Emperor, in reply, said that the honor had been conferred on M. Dupont because he had introduced into his establishment the principle of co-operation, which tended to create a unity of interests between masters and their operatives.

Americans resident in Germany are by no means content with Mr. Bancroft's Naturalization treaty. They are either bankers doing a large business in American stocks and shares, or importers of foreign goods, buying German manufactures, all of them having their principal establishments at New York. Besides these are some staying there for the benefit of their health, and visiting, in summer, the mineral springs in the neighborhood. All these families are now put under the tender mercies of the Prussian Government, by losing their nationality after two years' residence in Germany. These people, by upholding the commercial intercourse, are quite as useful citizens of the United States as if they resided in some part of the Union; and still they and their grown-up boys are liable to Prussian military service. They are, therefore, compelled to shut up their establishments there, to the great detriment of international intercourse.—The number of new books published in Germany during the year 1867 was 9,855 to 8,699 in the preceding year, a small increase of about ten per cent, showing the susceptibility of this trade, it having amounted, in 1862, to 9,779, and in 1846 even to 11,086 new books, or twenty-five per cent. more than at present, the fatal consequences of the late war having not yet been overcome.—The Richmond Register lately closed an article on immigration and the proposed substitution in Virginia of white laborers for black, with these sensible words: "We cannot do without our negro laborers, and no foreign importations can fill their places so satisfactorily. We want no French or Italian cooks to take the place of Aunt Sary, to spoil our broth. We are used to her style of cooking, and have no desire to make any change. The negro we must have with us always, and it is the part of wisdom to

accept his services with a good grace. We trust we shall hear no more nonsense about colonization."

Mr. Herworth Dixon has written to show that anomalous religious organizations in America, like that called Mormon, are more or less offshoots of American ideas and institutions, whereas, in point of fact, the Mormons gain most of their recruits in Wales and the North of Europe. In London alone there are nine branches of the Mormon church, one hundred and seven elders of conference, fifty-three priests, twenty-four teachers, thirty deacons; in all, eleven hundred and seventy-two Mormons in the London "conference."

The first want of every living being is fresh air, and unless the lungs are supplied with such air constantly at the rate of from ten to thirty cubic feet every minute perfect health cannot be preserved. "The Health of Towns Commission" in England, after examining various trades where the employes were confined mostly in houses, and having left the scavengers to the last, expecting to find a rich harvest of mortality among them, were surprised to find them more healthy than many of very clean occupations, but which were conducted in houses instead of in the open air. One would not be surprised to hear that the *chiffonniers*, the singular race of beings who grope amid the filth and darkness of Paris sewers, were as healthy, if not even more healthy than the pent-up operatives of the beautiful, clean, yet air-tight and flesh-withering factories of New England. Plants are conducive to health in a living-room, morally and physically, for plants absorb the carbonic acid and give off oxygen.

"The American Copyright Association" was organized in this city on the 4th of May. Its object is declared to be "to promote by all legitimate means the enactment of a just and suitable international copyright law, for the benefit of authors and artists in all parts of the world." The meetings of the association will be on the second Tuesday of each month. The following officers are elected:

President—William Cullen Bryant.  
Vice Presidents—Henry W. Longfellow, of Massachusetts; George H. Baker, of Pennsylvania; W. Gilmore Smith, of South Carolina; Francis Lieber, of W. Curtis, of New York; Francis A. P. Barnard, of New York.  
Treasurer—Henry Iverson.  
Recording Secretaries—Charles A. Spenser, A. D. F. Randolph.  
Corresponding Secretary—James Parton.  
Executive Committee—S. Irenus Prime, S. S. Cox, G. P. Putnam, Charles Scribner, E. G. Squier, E. C. Steadman, Richard Grant White.

It is understood that all letters or publications relating to the subject of International Copyright may be addressed to Mr. G. P. Putnam, 661 Broadway, New York.

WHILE Prince Alfred was in Australia, and before he was hospitably treated to a Fenian bullet, he received an invitation from one of the chiefs of the Society Islands to pay him a visit. When the dusky potentate was asked how he intended to entertain his distinguished guest, he replied, "I would give him a basket of sweet potatoes and taro and a sucking pig; then, if he were not full, he should have a basket of oranges."

THE oyster trade employs more than five hundred vessels, from schooners of two hundred tons to sloops of twenty tons. Upward of \$5,000,000 of capital and seventy-five thousand persons are engaged in the business. Clams are found in all localities where oysters abound, but form a distinct branch of business, though the firms engaged in it cluster around the same depots in this city as the oyster-dealers. The trade is scarcely one-fifteenth as large as that in oysters, which command double the price. Millions of bushels of savory muscels lie untouched throughout the length of our coast, which in Europe would be largely used. They make a cheap, excellent food. The shells of oysters and clams brought to this city afford material for the various limekilns along the North River, from Twelfth street upward. Some are carried to Staten Island for filling in docks, etc.

ONE of the strongest points made by the prosecution in the impeachment business, going to show the danger of allowing the Executive prerogative to appoint and remove officers of the government at will, was the introduction of a table showing what amount of patronage would be put in the President's hands if the concession claimed in Mr. Stanton's case was made. The number of officers who would thus be subjected to his control and will would be 42,000, with salaries amounting to \$32,000,000! The abuse of this enormous patronage would be easy, and dangerous to the public liberties. We cannot hold the one-man power too closely in check.

A LADY "whose name does not lack authority," has just opened an original and curious crusade in Paris. This crusade is limited, not against distant Turks hovering on the frontiers of society, but against hostile habits. She proposes to pluck out beams from many eyes, and unvail the secrets of many bosoms, or rather—to be nearer the truth—to cover up the secrets which many bosoms too freely disclose. In other words, this wild enthusiast has undertaken to convert society from the error of its ways on the subject of its toilet, and persuade Parisiennes to abandon the *décolleté* style of dress at present fashionable to the extreme. For this purpose is to be formed: First—An association of "Christian women," who shall sign on a register the declaration: "I engage henceforth never to appear *décolleté*." Second—Another register is to be opened for an association of dressmakers, who equally promise never to make any dresses *décolleté*. Those who take this oath are to receive the rank and title of



"Christian dressmakers." All others are to be withered by the epithet "heathen workwomen."

A GENTLEMAN of this city has recently patented an appliance for preserving life in the water. It consists simply of a cork jacket and a loose rubber suit, the latter being in a single piece, and covering the entire person, with the exception of the face and hands. The whole weighs eight and a half pounds, and is put on in two or three minutes. These are also iron-soled shoes for ballast. At Battery Place, some weeks ago, the inventor made a practical exhibition, which, though unannounced, and intended to be strictly private, attracted a large number of persons, and excited a good deal of interest. After being dressed in his suit, the inventor waded in the river and sank at once to his armpits. Remaining in an erect position, he paddled off amid the plaudits of the lookers-on. After a while, from a tin case attached to his waist by a string, and which floated behind him, he removed a small roll, which he proceeded leisurely to unfold, and which proved to be a staff about eight feet long. This he fastened to the can, and from its top the breeze unfurled a flag, bearing the word "Eureka." He also extracted apples and other provisions from the can, and after refreshing himself with these, he turned over on his back, and was borne seaward by the outgoing tide. At the end of forty minutes, or thereabouts, he worked his way to the shore, where he was received by the crowd with complimentary remarks.

An official statement of the mineral resources of the United States Pacific coast for 1867 has been recently presented to Congress. According to this document, the produce of California amounted to \$25,000,000, Nevada to \$20,000,000, Montana to \$12,000,000, Colorado to \$2,500,000, and Oregon to \$2,000,000. The total value of the minerals raised during the twenty years, 1848 to 1867, was \$1,165,000,000, of which California contributed \$900,000,000.

By the recent report of the Mount Auburn Cemetery Company of Boston, it appears that though a number of improvements, more or less costly, have been made during the past year, yet the finances of the company have steadily gained, and its eligibility as an investment is better than ever. Over ten thousand dollars were expended for drainage and other work during 1867, but this sum was far more than repaid by the sale of the new lots gained by the operation, and the company reaped a profit besides from the sale of the mud and vegetable matter taken out in the process of draining. The Treasurer's Report of the Mount Auburn Cemetery finances shows that the permanent fund for the future support of the cemetery is now \$77,979 26. The repair fund is \$43,823 15; and the estimated balance in cash and invested disposable funds is \$46,830 84. The total receipts of the corporation for the year were \$35,298 40, minus \$1,394 16 still remaining unpaid. Of this sum \$39,368 40 were received for the sale of lots and graves, and \$37,847 51 for labor and materials. The Superintendent reports that 80 new lots have been graded and enclosed within the year, 63 lots encircled with granite, 3 iron fences erected, 4 tombs and 35 monuments built. The total number of interments for the year has been 579, which make a grand total in the cemetery to date of 14,821. The fact is, that few investments pay better dividends to stockholders than cemeteries. Death being inevitable, and burial a necessity, graves are never at a discount, nor cemetery lots apt to go begging. And whereas land is sold by the acre, or at any rate by the front-foot, for all other purposes, the ground for burial is measured out by inches, and often sold at prices that would even put a poor sale in a fashionable church to the blush. Nor does the gain stop here. No man owns a cemetery burial lot in fee simple, any more than he does his pew in church. He may buy it, and pay for it, and bury his family in it, from his grandfather down. But for all that he can't sell it, nor lease it, nor in any way realize a share of the profits of the Cemetery Company from any sales or other transfers it may make of the said lot. The most he can do is, when the company announces to him that the cemetery has been sold, or is to be sold for city improvements, to have his family dug up and removed to another cemetery with all the neatness and dispatch possible, and to hope that they may be allowed to rest undisturbed in their new quarters as long as they did in the old.

It used to be a favorite dogma of the Southern planter that the great staples of the South could only be produced by negro labor, because the white man could not stand the tropical exposure. This idea is exploded, as it has been proved by actual experiment that the white man can perform more labor, endure more hardship and fatigue, and is less liable to disease than the negro in any climate whatever, even that of tropical Africa, the birthplace of the negro race. The superior endurance of the white over the negro in the South is abundantly proved by the late rebellion. Statistics have been recently published by the Surgical Bureau at Washington, which give the per centage of death from disease and exposure, during the war, in the various branches of the army, as much greater among the negro than among the white soldiers. And this, notwithstanding that most of the negro troops were raised in the South, and were therefore acclimated, while the white soldiers came from widely different and opposite climates. Here is the latest and strongest evidence of the Southern fallacy, and Northern or European emigrants may learn to till the sugar and cotton-fields of the South with as much safety and profit as they have tilled the corn-fields of their own more temperate climates.

A LETTER from Paris relates: "When, the other night, Mlle. Patti was prevented by indisposition from singing at the Italiens, and when it was too late to change the programme, Miss Harris, a young American cantatrice, took Patti's place without preparation or rehearsal, and won a brilliant success in the difficult part of 'Lucia.' Many, carried away by their admiration, declared that she will quite equal Patti in a short time; but, although this is exaggerated, her marvelous execution, and the purity with which her voice attains the giddy heights, predicts for her a bright future."

The Sun has some rather pungent doggerel addressed to Charles Dickens, from which we copy: In your manners a flunkey, a fop in your dress, You ask admiration plain as words can express; And weak-minded women and men addle-pated, Who always run after the famous and famed, On your words hang in raptures, your readings adore, And declare that such acting was ne'er seen before. If to read is to mumble, to chatter and squeak, In voice so disjointed we could scarce hear you speak; If to act is to grin, make faces, and splutter, Regardless of theme, thoughts, or words you may utter, Then are you, indeed, a great reader and actor, And he who denies it a shameless detractor.

#### THE CHIFFONNIERS OF THE PRESS.

It is the curse of every profession, however noble, to have connected with it some few men who degrade its dignity, impair its usefulness, and bring discredit on its labors. The medical class has its unprincipled quacks, who scruple not to murder for the sake of a few dollars. The army has its miserable rogues and poltroons, who connive with underlings to starve and rob the gallant soldiers. The church has its wolfish sneaks, who, disguised as Christian sheep, rob the fold, and carry off many a young lamb to their filthy dens to be devoured at leisure. We cannot expect, therefore, that so powerful and elevating a calling as journalism, which should be the supporter and guardian of public and private rights, can escape the fate of its kindred professions, and be exempt from the pollution of unworthy members, who, the more insignificant their position, are the more insidious and annoying. Such hacks, when allowed through the carelessness of the editor to attach themselves to some respectable paper, are ever on the qui vive for that social garbage, called Street or Bar-room Gossip, and sex and age are equally for a time at their mercy. These chiffonniers delight in wading through that pestilent gutter called "New York Correspondence," which is written by a set of lascarons which infest the highways and byways of the press, and who live either by appealing to their necessities, as beggars show their sores, or dealing in that putrescent slaver which some country papers revel in.

Some such barnacle as the one we have pictured has attached itself to a leading New York morning paper, and has signified its valor by selecting for its victim an inoffensive lady, the widow of a notorious novelist's brother.

Some ten days ago it commenced the onslaught upon the lady in question, by this paragraph:

The Chicago Tribune thinks that the toasts given at the Dickens' dinner evince "great poverty of imagination." Chicago journals have earned the right to reproach the Eastern press with a defect of this sort in view of their own display of wealth in this direction. After the harrowing stories with which they have assailed Mr. Dickens concerning the destitute condition of his brother's wife, left a widow, and now residing in Chicago, it is a little startling to learn from England that she is residing there, in feeble health and with impaired eyesight. Our Chicago contemporaries will doubtless be glad to know, on the same authority, that "in her many misfortunes she has found every aid that practical sympathy can afford at the hands of her eminent relative." The London correspondent of the Boston Advertiser makes these statements.

Not content with this, "the valorous but lying cur," as Byron termed a similar genius, returns to his vomit, and in the New York Daily Times of the 7th inst., resumes his version:

The Chicago papers, since the departure of Mr. Dickens, have discontinued their bitter personal attacks upon him, based upon his alleged neglect of his deceased brother's widow, said to be a resident in that city. They have probably done now, what they should have done before making those attacks—ascertained the facts of the case, as we see them stated in a Boston letter to the Chicago Journal, from which we copy this paragraph:

"I have good authority for saying what has already been stated in the newspapers, that the real Mrs. Augustus Dickens is at present residing in London, where she has lived since her husband deserted her. She is blind, and in all her afflictions she has had the active and substantial sympathy of Mr. Dickens, and to-day knows no truer friend than he. Augustus was a scamp, and his brother more than once aided him when his dissipation and extravagance threatened ruin and disaster to himself and family. He finally was obliged to leave England on account of a dishonorable action which he knew his brother would not forgive, and with his exile all intercourse between the brothers ceased."

We know not whether this proceeds from flunkeyism to the snobbish novelist who recently came here as a peddler to pick up a few pence, or from an irresistible mania for slander, but we can assure our readers that there is not a word of truth in these statements, for we have seen a letter from the lady who is alleged to be in England, blind, dated Chicago some few days ago, and moreover, we assure our readers that neither herself nor her three children have had either aid or sympathy from the Pecksniff of Fiction, and which, we are happy to add, they do not require.

#### THE THEATRES.

DURING the past week the best Irish dramas which have been written during the last two or three years have been once more brought out upon the New York stage. We allude to the "Connie Soogah" of Mr. Gayler.

It was revived at the Broadway Theatre. The play was originally written for Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and was, when first completed, produced by them during an engagement they were playing at Niblo's Garden, where it was received with immense favor. Its revival is one of the most complete we have recently seen. Invariably liberal as these artists are in the direction of their charming theatre, it could not be supposed that they would display less taste and generosity in placing a piece upon the stage for themselves than they had previously done for the long succession of "stars" they have given us during the past season. The scenery was entirely new, and to the credit of the painter and machinist of this house, was as complete and excellent as that with which it was placed upon the much larger stage on which it was first introduced to the public. Of course it would be needless to say that the characters of *Connie* and *Nelly* were admirably acted. The old manager of the first—the *Connie Soogah*, who gives his name to the play—was translated by Mr. Williams in that act/ and

quietly natural manner which has so long classed him as the best actor in this country or England in his own range of Irish character, while Mrs. Williams recalled on the night we saw her the pleasure we experienced when we saw her first performance of "Jumping Jewel" *Nelly*.

At the Academy of Music another Irish actor, Mr. Dan Bryant, appeared on Thursday as *Handy Andy*, and also in the "Irish Emigrant" for the benefit of the American Dramatic Fund. It is to be regretted that the storm upon that evening prevented the audience being as large as might have been expected. Indeed, it was a very small one. However, as Janaschek was to have performed, on Mr. day of this week for the same society, it may be trusted that they have repaid themselves for their ill-luck on the previous evening.

The truth is that the seven days previous to those which go by the name of anniversary week are rarely pecuniarily profitable to the theatres.

The Broadway and the Olympic have suffered little by it, save upon Thursday, in consequence of the weather—the "Connie Soogah" and "Humpty Dumpty" showing an unparalleled capacity for drawing, at any time. But the other houses have, more or less, proved the unwelcome truth to the management, we have just mentioned.

At Wallack's a new drama called the "White Cockade" will have been produced as we go to press, with all the completeness for which this theatre and its company have such an established reputation.

The French Theatre has let Ristori leave us, and the Richings Company appear in it for a brief season of English opera. It is composed of Miss G. Richings, Mr. and Mrs. E. Seguin, Messrs. Castle, Campbell, and Peake. It is to be hoped that the mantle of success in which the subject is by no means so violently religious as we had supposed, and the acting of Ristori has been exhausted by our daily brethren. We will therefore simply wish the great Italian artist a pleasant return to her own land, and conclude our present article with a profound regret that it is probable we may not again see her in this country.

The advent of Fichter comes as a rumor to us. If true, he will be here in September next. What a ruffling of feathers his approach will make among the larger birds in our Shakespearean aviary.

#### ART GOSSIP.

RECURRING to the Academy Exhibition, we see in "Clearing Off After the Rain, near Sheffield, Mass.," 506, by Mr. J. B. Bristol, much sweet color, and a truthful perception of the meteorological phase of nature represented.

"Kathrina," 535, by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, is clever for suggestiveness. The face of the lady who sits looking out of the window is not seen, and yet one can fancy that the features must be interesting, with a touch of the sentimental in them perhaps. In "Twilight on the Sands," 387, by the same artist, the solitary figure of a lady—a subject by which Mr. Hennessy appears to be fascinated—is seen looking out seaward from a gray and lonely strand. The picture is a silvery one in tone, and the effect of light in the placid pools left upon the beach by the tide is especially good.

Two small pictures by Mr. W. Morgan, "On Furlough," 306, and "L'Esperance," 323, deserve a word of commendation. The first represents a Zouave who has just returned to the bosom of his family, and is holding his baby aloft, while his wife looks on with a half alarmed expression of face. In the other we find hope typified by the soap-bubble which a young girl is blowing, while a smaller girl eagerly watches the operation. Both of these pictures have much expression, and they are painted in a manner somewhat reminiscent of the elder Frère.

There is a good deal of character in "The Village Smith," 232, by Mr. J. W. Ehninger. The scene is at Kenilworth, England, and the picture is one of the results of the artist's recent long sojourn in that country. There is one figure in this picture—that of an old man seated—which is, in itself, a capital study of character, and bears evidence of having been carefully painted from life.

A remarkably interesting pair of pictures are those two by Mr. H. B. Beard, numbered respectively 178 and 187. The former entitled "Evening on the Prairie," is a composition of those curious and graceful birds, the Sandhill Cranes. In the other picture, "Morning on the Prairie," we have the same birds, differently posed and grouped. There is a vast deal of weird poetry in the animated nature and landscape of these pictures alike.

Mr. G. C. Griswold seems to have fallen into the error of attempting too much, in his "Newport, Looking Seaward Sunset," 223. A ridge of stony hills has its top crimsoned by the rays of the setting sun. The rest of the picture is cold and indistinct by comparison, and this is an effect not unfrequently to be seen in nature. Few artists have ever succeeded, though, in maintaining harmony under these conflicting phases, and we do not think that Mr. Griswold's effort achieves this difficult point. Beyond this the picture undoubtedly has merits, both in the making out of forms and in careful manner of execution.

"Morning in the Woods," 226, is a cleverly painted picture by Mr. John A. How. It is a camping scene. Hunters are occupied about a fire in the foreground, the smoke from which is mingling with the mists that are lifting over the spiky pines beyond. The shanty, of rough logs, is well painted, and so is the knoll to the right, with its fresh, dewy vegetation. Mr. How's studies in the Adirondack region have done him good service here.

Near this hangs a picture called "On Lake Sanford," 225, from the pencil of Mr. Homer Martin, who also draws much of his inspiration from the lonely tarns and ravines of the Adirondack mountains, among the wild ranges of which he usually passes the summer months. Here we see a tranquil sheet of water, hemmed in by dark lines of serrated pines, the whole character of the scene being that of solitude and primitive nature. The sky is very fresh and pleasant, and the painting of the picture in general marks excellent progress on the part of the artist.

"Midsummer," 174, by Mr. Alfred Ardway, is a transcript, we believe, of Massachusetts scenery, with a clump of noble old trees casting their purple shadows on the yellow grain beyond. The pond in the foreground, with its deep, dark reflections, broken by the light-green pads of the water-lilies, is painted with much observation of nature.

Mr. Eastman Johnson hardly maintains, in "The Field Hospital," 256, the very high reputation heretofore achieved by him in this class of genre painting. Perhaps we have learned to expect too much from him, from the excellence of such works as "The Old Kentucky Home," and "The Pension Claim Agent," exhibited by him in past years. In the picture now under notice there is more of expression than force. The young invalid soldier is well idealized, and there is something natural in his action as he bends down a twig from the tree that overhangs his bed, while he dictates a letter to the lady who sits by him.

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

#### THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

The London *Saturday Review* has an unsparing essay under this heading, from which we extract the following salient paragraphs:

The girl of the period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face, as the first articles of her personal religion; whose sole idea of life is plenty of fun and luxury; and whose dress is the object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. Her main endeavor in this is to outvie her neighbors in the extravagance of fashion. No matter whether, as in the time of crinolines, she sacrificed decency, or, as now, in the time of trains, she sacrifices cleanliness; no matter either, whether she makes herself a nuisance and an inconvenience to every one she meets. The girl of the period has done away with such moral foolishness as consideration for others, or regard for counsel and rebuke. It was all very well in old-fashioned times, when fathers and mothers had some authority and were treated with respect, to be tutored and made to obey, but she is far too fast and flourishing to be stopped in mid-career by these slow old morals; and as she dresses to please herself, she does not care if she displeases every one else. Nothing is too extraordinary and nothing too exaggerated for her vitiated taste; and things which in themselves would be useful reforms if let alone, become monstrous worse than those which they have displaced so soon as she begins to manipulate and improve.

If a sensible fashion lifts the gown out of the mud, she raises hers midway to her knee. If the absurd structure of wire and buckram, once called a bonnet, is modified to something that shall protect the wearer's face without putting out the eyes of her companion, she cuts hers down to four strings and a roband, or a bag of lace and a bunch of glass beads. If there is a reaction against an excess of Rowland's Macassar, and hair shiny and sticky with grease is thought less nice than if left clean and healthily crisp, she dries and frizzes and sticks hers out on end like certain savages in Africa, or lets it wander down her back like Madge Wildfire's, and thinks herself all the more beautiful the nearer she approaches in look to a maniac or negress. With purity of taste she has lost also that far more precious purity and delicacy of perception which sometimes mean more than appears on the surface. What the *demi-monde* does in its frantic efforts to excite attention, she also does in imitation. If some fashionable *déshabillé en evidence* is reported to have come out with her dress below her shoulder-blades, and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day; and then wonders that men sometimes mistake her for her prototype, or that mothers of girls not quite so far gone as herself refuse her as a companion for their daughters. She has blunted the fine edges of feeling so much that she cannot understand why she should be regarded for an imitation of form which does not include imitation of fact; she cannot be made to see that modesty of appearance and virtue ought to be inseparable, and that no good girl can afford to appear bad, under penalty of receiving the contempt awarded to the bad.

#### THE LOVE HISTORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ELIZABETH KICKLEY, a woman of color, who was born a slave, and emancipated in St. Louis when she was thirty years of age, has written a book, entitled, "Behind the Scenes," which is composed chiefly of recollections and observations in connection with the Lincoln family. The authoress is a dressmaker, and while residing in Washington, in the pursuit of her trade, became acquainted with Mrs. Lincoln, by whom she was constantly employed and consulted, both professionally and as a useful friend.

The volume contains many anecdotes of interest, especially respecting Mr. Lincoln. We learn from it also that the late Stephen A. Douglas, who was a political rival of Mr. Lincoln in mature life, was a rival in love at an earlier period. Douglas was the first to offer himself, but he was not accepted. He persisted:

"Mary, you do not know what you are refusing. You have always had an ambition to become the wife of a President of the United States. Parlor the egotism, but I fear that, in refusing my hand to-night, you have thrown away your best chance to ever rule in the White House."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Douglas."

"Then I will speak more plainly: You know, Mary, that I am ambitious like yourself, and something seems to whisper in my ear, 'You will be President some day.' Depend upon it, I shall make a stubborn fight to win the proud position."

"You have my best wishes, Mr. Douglas; still I cannot consent to be your wife. I shall become Mrs. President, or I am the victim of false prophesy, but it will not be as Mrs. Douglas."

Mr. Lincoln proposed in his turn, but was also rejected. This broke his heart. He told a friend that he was sick of the deceitful world, and wished himself out of it. He loved, and had been encouraged, but only to be refused; he believed she was going to marry Douglas, and if she did he would blow his own brains out. He actually fell into a brain fever; and the doctor then went to see the young lady, to tell her that she was the cause of his illness. "She frankly acknowledged her folly, saying that she only intended to test the sincerity of Mr. Lincoln's love; that he was the idol of her heart, and that she would become his wife." This produced a cure, and in due time the parties were married.

A STUPID HUSBAND COME UP WITH.—Here is a Parisian story to show how poorly a man comes off in any contest with womanhood. The other day a Parisian and his wife went to Brussels. The first thought of the lady was naturally to visit the shops, and especially those renowned for lace. She met with some marvelous bargains as a matter of course, gave a glowing account of them to her husband, and proposed to take a quantity home with her, smuggled under her dress. The husband, like a husband, resisted. It would be incurring too great a risk, he said, vehemently; the lace would be found and confiscated; he would not consent to the arrangement. The lady agreed that she should, like a good wife, go without the lace. And so the pair started for Paris, Monsieur well pleased that he had avoided this new extravagance. At the frontier they were met with the usual demand, "Anything to declare?" They said "No." It was enough, and they were allowed to pass without further trouble. Now here begins to show itself the folly of men. The lady gave her husband a look, and the husband began to foresee the bitter reproaches of his tender spouse. It was evident that she might have passed the lace without danger. She would certainly take her vengeance for the loss of her coveted lace in a good lecture. To avoid this horror it became necessary to convince the wife that there was really danger. She must be searched. Monsieur whispers to one of the customs' officers that he imagines the lady at his side has some lace hidden about her person. She was immediately taken aside, and in a few minutes the officer of customs returned, his face beaming with satisfaction, to inform the gentlemen, with a profusion of thanks, that the supposition was well founded. The lady had at least 10,000 francs hidden among the folds of her dress.

Or Elliott, Tuckerman tells this very amusing anecdote. It seems the jovial artist was painting some divine, who left it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as Elliott painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterward that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said: "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."



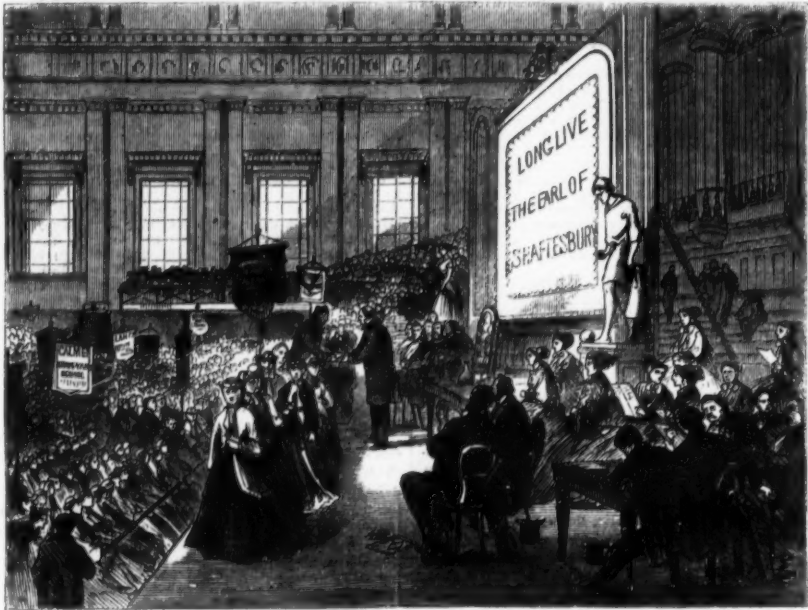
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 149.



MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE CITY OF PARIS, FRANCE, AT THE SOURCE OF THE SEINE.



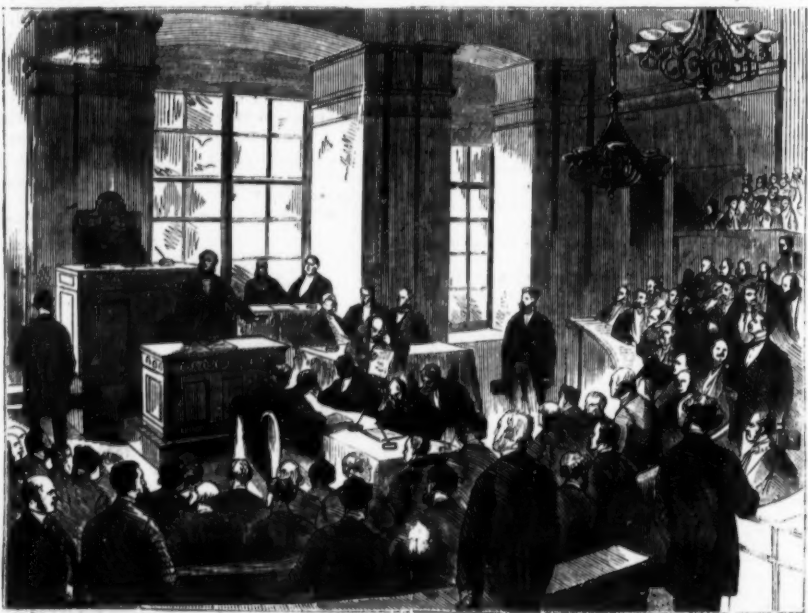
INDUSTRIAL PALACE - COMPETITION INAUGURATED BY THE "SOCIETE HIPPIQUE"—THE RACES BEFORE THE JURY, APRIL 10TH, 1868.



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO RAGGED SCHOOL PUPILS, AT EXETER HALL, ENGLAND.



TOURNAMENT OF THE 17TH LANCERS AT SHORNCLIFFE, ENGLAND.



A SESSION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, VIENNA, AUSTRIA.



THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—STORMING OF THE FORTRESS ESTABLECIMIENTO, FEB. 16TH, 1868.

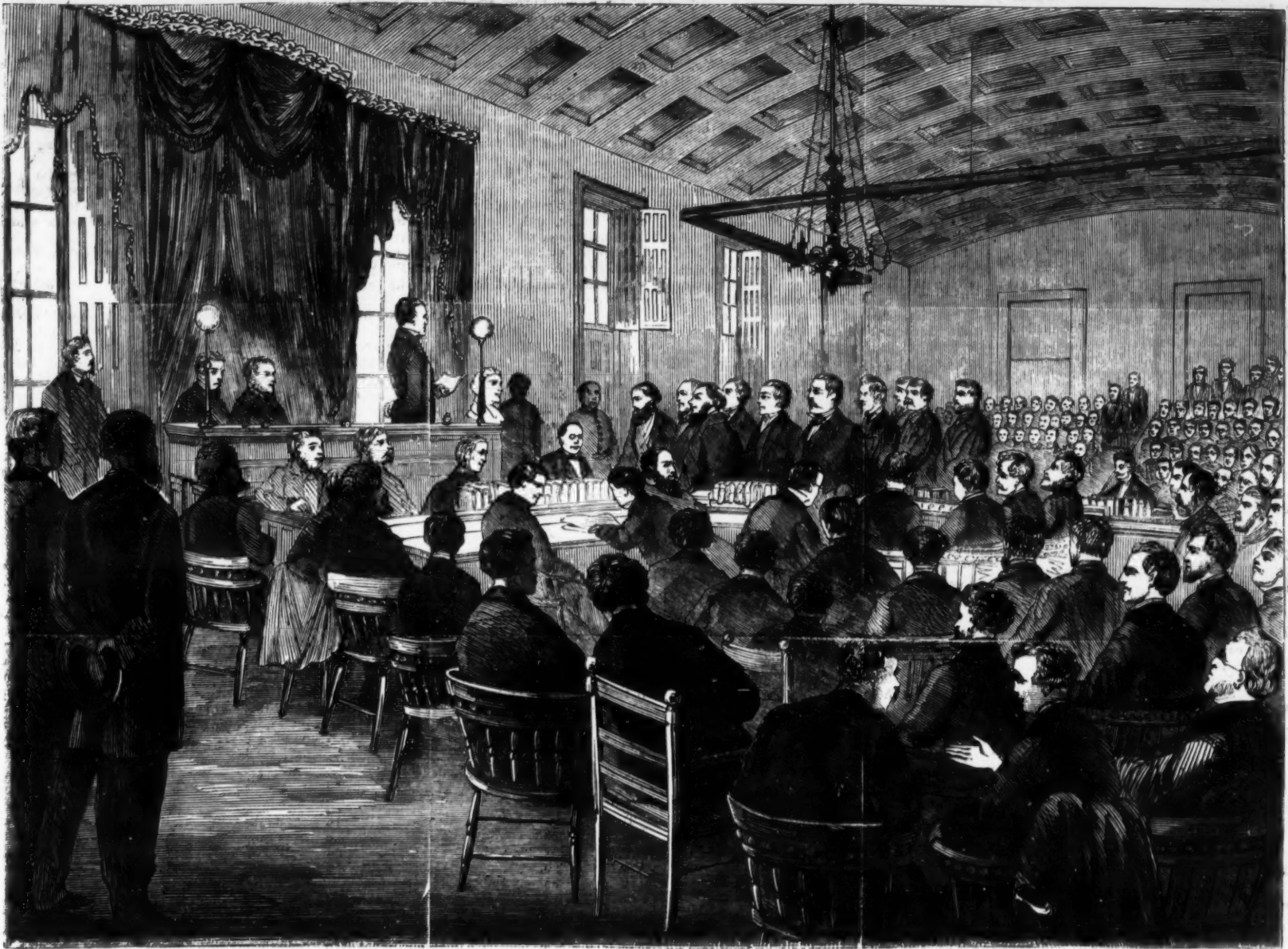


VIEW FROM THE FORTIFIED POST OF ADIGERAT, ARYENIA.



VILLAGE UNDER THE ANTOLA ANNA, ARYENIA.





THE TRIAL OF GEN. G. W. COLE, FOR THE MURDER OF L. HARRIS HISCOCK, AT ALBANY, N. Y.—JUDGE INGRAHAM DELIVERING THE CHARGE TO THE JURY, MAY 5TH, 1868.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 151.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

##### Monument Erected by the City of Paris, France, at the Source of the Seine.

The city of Paris has just recently caused to be erected, in the valley of Saint-Germain (Cote d'Or), at the spot where the Seine has its source, a monument, consisting of a grotto, in which is the statue of a nymph, from the chisel of M. Joffroy. Beneath the statue, which reclines on its pedestal, leaning on the traditional and symbolical urn, the waters of the Seine leap from the rocks and fall into a little basin, issuing from which, they take their natural course. An appropriate inscription

of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Joseph Payne, Deputy Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, took the chair. The prizes, which consisted of beautiful cards, printed in colors, were distributed to 681 of the ex-pupils, of ages ranging from twelve to eighteen years.

##### A Session of the House of Nobles at Vienna, Austria.

The proceedings of the Austrian House of Nobles have recently attracted the attention of all the civilized world. This legislative body, representing the greatest names of the aristocracy of the empire, would, it was thought, interpose an obstacle to the progress of the new regime. But the designs of the absolutists were thwarted. The superior minds composing the noble assemblage appreciated that Austria, to be regenerated, must be cleansed with the living waters of modern liberty, and they frankly accepted the programme set forth by the constitutional Government. Our engraving represents the memorable scene of the session on the Civil Marriage bill, on the 23d March. The Count A. d'Auersperg is at the tribune delivering the speech that so much moved

the House. The noble orator, always the champion of liberal ideas, exercises in Austria a great and legitimate influence. He writes under the pseudonym of "Anastasi Grun."

##### Abyssinian Scenery—View from the Fortified Post of Adigerat—Village Under the Antola "Amba."

Shortly after the town of Adigerat, Abyssinia, was selected by General Sir R. Napier for the forwarding depot of the English troops, a small garrison with two or three guns was stationed about the place to protect the supplies and workmen from any surprise on the part of the enemy. The town being situated near the edge of the highlands, and subject to frequent raids from the wild, plundering tribes of that region, it soon became necessary, in consequence of the vast accumulation of army stores, to fortify the position by throwing up earthworks, and provide other means of defense. A portion of these works is shown in one of our engravings, with the church and town of Adigerat in the distance. Our other illustration represents a vil-

lage under the Antola "Amba," or hill-fort, the houses of which are built of mud, of a round shape, and with thatched conical roofs. The town of Antola itself is situated on a terrace which juts out from the side of a steep hill, and is a tumble-down old place, and fully one-half in ruins. Some of the ruins merely show the sites of former dwellings, others are a few feet above ground, and some only unroofed.

##### Exhibition of Horses at the Industrial Palace, Paris, France.

Our engraving represents the principal episode of the recent exhibition of horses at the Industrial Palace, Paris, under the auspices of the French Society Hippique. This was the competition for the prizes for gal-



THE LATE HON. L. HARRIS HISCOCK.—SEE PAGE 151.

tion is engraved on the facade of the grotto. This monument is erected on the site of a Roman temple, of which the vestiges have been discovered. The excavations at this place have led to the discovery of all the furniture of this temple, and a real numismatic treasure, consisting of more than 800 medals, the series of which commences with Augustus 29 years B. C., and finishes with Magnus Maximus, who died A.D. 388. All these valuable relics have been deposited in the Museum of Dijon.

##### Distribution of Prizes to Ragged School Pupils, at Exeter Hall, England.

Our engraving represents the fifteenth annual distribution of prizes to the boys and girls formerly in the schools of the London Ragged School Union, who had behaved well in service, or in other industrious situations. The exercises were held at Exeter Hall, which was crowded with the youthful aspirants for the honors of the occasion. The scene was rendered more picturesque by the numerous banners, bearing appropriate designs and the names of the different schools. In the absence



GEN. G. W. COLE IN HIS CELL AT THE CITY PRISON, ALBANY, N. Y.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 151.



GEN. GEO. W. COLE.—SEE PAGE 151.

loping and trotting horses. In the centre of the vast amphitheatre sat the jury. To right and left the competitors, forming a chaos of equipages and vehicles of every description; steeds of every race and every color, that exhibited their paces amid the shouts and plaudits of the spectators.

##### Tournament of the 17th Lancers in the Camp at Shorncliffe, England.

The camp at Shorncliffe, England, was selected during the week ending April 10th by a tournament, in which the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 17th Lancers were competitors for prizes to be gained by superior skill in the use of their weapons. I took place in the riding-school, which is an open space behind the Main Guard. The contestants fought on horseback, with lances or swords of wood, blunted and chalked at the ends. Wire masks or helmets were worn for the protection of the face and head. The successful competitors were rewarded by an increase of pay of 2d., 3d., or 4d. per day, according to rank, for the next year. The tournament was witnessed by thousands of people who attended as spectators of the sport.



### The War in Paraguay—Storming of the Fortress of Estacamento, February 19, 1868.

The latest advices from Paraguay denote that the war has assumed an aspect favorable to the Allies. All the principal positions around Humaita are reported in their possession, and it is expected that that stronghold itself will soon yield to the invading forces. Still the courage and devotion of the Paraguayans may still baffle the Allied powers, and the fortress of Humaita, energetically defended by President Lopez, may make a prolonged resistance. Our engraving represents the storming of the redoubt called Estacamento, situated on the flank of the fortress, and defended by fifteen cannon and 1,500 Paraguayan troops.

#### WAITING.

The firelight redly flashes,  
The chill gold sunset wanes,  
A gust by the window dashes,  
Rattling the frosty panes.

Does it darken my thoughts by one shadow  
Here in the gloom to sit,  
As snowy whirls on the meadow,  
Wrath-like, hurry and flit?

Would my tired heart throb faster  
If I woke to find, some morn,  
Beams on the purple aster—  
Beams on the pennoned corn?

Autumn chant of the cricket,  
Or the May-bird's fluted mirth;  
Flames over swamp and thicket,  
Or flames on the winter hearth;

The pine log's drowsy humming,  
Or the base of the bee;  
Robin departing or coming—  
Is it ever the same to me?

Yes; for the vision grows clearer  
With each new dream by night,  
The beautiful realms are nearer,  
The radiant palms more bright;

And grouped with the fair-browed number,  
On the Sacred Hills, I see  
Friends through the dark of slumber  
Reaching white hands to me!

## THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

#### CHAPTER LVII.—PATRON AND PROTEGE.

THE ringing of the street bell did not cause Mr. Swinton to start. It might have done so, had he been longer in his new residence. His paper "kites" were still carried about London, with judgments pinned on to them; and he might have supposed that the bearer of one of them was bringing it home to him.

But the short time he had been installed in the M'Favish villa, with the fact that a visitor was expected, rendered him comparatively fearless; and his composure was only disturbed by a doubt, as to whether the ringer of the bell was his patron, or only a deputy sent with the promised instructions.

The maid of all work, that day hastily engaged, was dispatched to answer the ring. If it was an elderly gentleman, tall and stoutish, she was to show him in at once, and without parley.

On opening the gate, a figure was distinguished outside. It was that of a gentleman. He was enveloped in an ample cloak, with a cap drawn over his ears. This did not prevent the servant from seeing that he was tall and stoutish; while the gleam of the hall-lamp, falling on his face, despite a dyed whisker, showed him to answer the other condition for admittance.

"Mr. Swinton lives here?" he asked, before the gate-opener could give him invitation to enter.

"He does, sir. Please to walk in." Guided by the girl, the cloaked personage threaded through the lilacs and laurestines; stepped on to the little piazza, on which Mr. M'Favish had oft smoked his pipe; and was at length shown into the apartment where Swinton awaited him.

The latter was alone—his wife having retired by instructions.

On the entrance of his visitor, Mr. Swinton started up from his seat, and advanced to receive him.

"My lord!" said he, shamming a profound surprise, "is it possible I am honored by your presence?"

"No honor, sir; no honor whatever." "From what your lordship said, I was expecting you to send—"

"I have come instead, Mr. Swinton. The instructions I have to give are upon a matter of some importance. I think it better you should have them direct from myself. For this reason, I present myself, as you see, in *propria persona*."

"That's a lie!" thought Swinton, in reference to the reason.

Of course he kept the thought to himself. His reply was:

"Just like what is said of your lordship. By night, as by day, always at work—doing service to the State. Your lordship will pardon me for speaking so freely?"

"Don't mention it, my dear sir! The business between us requires that we both speak freely."

"Excuse me for not having asked your lordship to take a seat!"

"I'll take that," promptly responded the condescending nobleman, "and a cigar, too, if you've got one to spare."

"Fortunately I have," said the delighted Swinton. "Here, my lord, are some sold to me for Havana. I can't answer for their quality."

"Try one of mine!"

The patron pulled a glittering cigar-case out of the pocket of his coat. The cloak and cap had been left behind him in the hall.

The protégé accepted it with a profusion of thanks.

Both sat down, and commenced smoking.

Swinton, thinking he had talked enough, waited for the great man to continue the conversation.

He did so.

"I see you've succeeded in taking the house," was the somewhat pointless remark.

"I am in it, my lord," was the equally pointless reply.

More to the purpose was the explanation that followed:

"I regret to inform your lordship that it has cost a considerable sum."

"How much?"

"I had to take it for a whole year—at a rent of two hundred pounds."

"Pooh! never mind that. It's for the service of the State. In such matters we are obliged to make liberal disbursements. And now, my dear sir, let me explain to you why it has been taken, and for what purpose you have been placed in it."

Swinton settled down into an attitude of obsequious attention.

His patron proceeded:

"Directly opposite lives a man, whose name is already known to you."

Without the name being mentioned, the listener nodded assent. He knew it was Kosuth.

"You will observe, ere long, that this man has many visitors."

"I have noticed that already, my lord. All day they have been coming and going."

"Just so. And among them are men of note; many who have played an important part in the politics of Europe. Now, sir, it is deemed convenient, for the cause of order, that the movements of these men should be known; and for this it is necessary that a watch be kept upon them. From Sir Robert Cottrell's recommendation, I've chosen you for this delicate duty. If I mistake not, sir, you will know how to perform it?"

"My lord, I make promise to do my best."

"So much then for the general purpose. And now to enter a little more into details."

Swinton resumed his listening attitude.

"You will make yourself acquainted with the personal appearance of all who enter the opposite house; endeavor to ascertain who they are; and report on their goings and comings—taking note of the hour. For this purpose you will require two assistants; whom I authorize you to engage. One of them may appear to act as your servant; the other, appropriately dressed, should visit you as an intimate acquaintance. If you could find one who has access to the camp of the enemy, it would be of infinite importance. There are some of these refugees in the habit of visiting your neighbor, who may not be altogether his friends. You understand me?"

"I do, your lordship."

"I see, Mr. Swinton, you are the man we want. And now for a last word. Though you are to take note of the movements of Kosuth's guests, still more must you keep your eye upon himself. Should he go out, either you or your friend must follow and find where he goes to. Take a cab if necessary; and on any such occasion report directly and without losing time. Make your report to my private secretary; who will always be found at my residence in Piccadilly. This will be sufficient for the present. When you're in need of funds, let my secretary know. He has orders to attend to the supply department. Any further instructions I shall communicate to you myself. I may have to come here frequently; so you had better instruct your servant about admitting me."

"My lord, would you accept of a key? Excuse me for asking. It would save your lordship from the disagreeable necessity of waiting outside the gate, and perhaps being recognized by the passers, or those opposite?"

Without showing it, Swinton's patron was charmed with the proposal. The key might in time become useful, for other purposes than to escape recognition by either "the passers or those opposite." He signified his consent to accept it.

"I see you are clever, Mr. Swinton," he said, with a peculiar, almost sardonic smile. "As you say, a key will be convenient. And now, I need scarce point out to you the necessity of discretion in all that you do. I perceive that your windows are furnished with moveable Venetians. That is well, and will be suitable to your purpose. Fortunately your own personal appearance corresponds very well to such an establishment as this—a very snug affair it is—and your good lady—ah! by the way, we are treating her very impolitely. I owe her an apology for keeping you so long away from her. I hope you will make it for me, Mr. Swinton. Tell her that I've detained you on business of State importance."

"My lord, she will not believe it, unless I tell her whom I've had the honor of receiving. May I take that liberty?"

"Oh! certainly—certainly. Were it not for the hour, I should have asked you to introduce me. Of course, it is too late to intrude upon a lady."

"There's no hour too late for an introduction to your lordship. I know the poor child would be delighted."

"Well, Mr. Swinton, if it's not interfering with your domestic arrangements, I, too, would be delighted. All hours are alike to me."

"My wife is up-stairs. May I ask her to come down?"

"Nay, Mr. Swinton; may I ask you to bring her down?"

"Such condescension, my lord! It is a pleasure to obey you."

With this speech, half aside, Swinton stepped out of the room; and commenced ascending the stairway.

He was not gone long. Fan was found upon the first landing, ready to receive the summons.

He returned almost too soon for his sexa-

genarian visitor; who had placed himself in front of the mantel mirror, and was endeavoring with dyed locks to conceal the bald spot upon his crown!

The introduction was followed by Mr. Swinton's guest forgetting all about the lateness of the hour, and resuming his seat. Then succeeded a triangular conversation, obsequious on two sides, slightly patronizing on the third; becoming less so, as the speeches were continued; and then there was an invitation extended to the distinguished guest to accept of some refreshment, on the plea of his long detention—a courtesy he did not decline.

And the Abigail was dispatched to the nearest confectionary, and brought back sausage rolls, and sandwiches, with a Melton Mowbray pie; and these were placed upon the table, alongside a decanter of sherry; of which his lordship partook with as much amiable freedom, as if he had been a jolly guardsman!

And it ended in his becoming still more amiable; and talking to Swinton as to an old bosom friend; and squeezing the hand of Swinton's wife, as he stood in the doorway, repeatedly bidding her "good-night"—a bit of bye-play that should have made Swinton jealous, had the hall-lamp been burning bright enough for him to see. He only guessed it, and was not jealous!

"She's a delicious creature, that!" soliloquized the sexagenarian rascal, as he proceeded to the Park Road, where a carriage, drawn up under the shadow of the trees, had been all the while waiting for him. "And a trump to boot! I can tell that by the touch of her taper fingers."

"She's a trump and a treasure!" was the almost simultaneous reflection of Swinton, with the same woman in his thoughts—his own wife!

He made it, after closing the door upon his departing guest; and then, as he sat gulping another glass of sherry, and smoking another cigar, he repeated it with the continuation:

"Yes; Fan's the correct card to play. What a stupid I've been not to think of this before! Damn it! it's not yet too late. I've still got hold of the hand; and this night, if I'm not mistaken, there's a game begun that'll give me all I want in this world—that's Julia Girdwood."

The serious tone, in which the last three words were spoken, told he had not yet resigned his aspirations after the American heiress.

#### CHAPTER LVIII.—IMPROVED PROSPECTS.

TO THOSE who take no note of social distinctions, Swinton's scheme in relation to Julia Girdwood will appear grotesque. Not so much on account of its atrocity; but from the chances of its success seeming so problematical.

Could he have got the girl to love him, it would have changed the aspect of affairs. Love breaks down all barriers; and to a mind constituted as hers, no obstacle could have intervened—not even the idea of danger.

She did not love him; but he did not know it. A guardsman, and handsome to boot, he had been accustomed to facile conquests. In his own way of thinking, the time had not arrived when these should be deemed difficult.

He was no longer in the Guards; but he was still young, and he knew he was still handsome. English dames thought him so. Strange if a Yankee girl should have a different opinion!

This was the argument on his side; and trusting to his attractions, he still fancied himself pretty sure of being able to make a conquest of the American—even to making her the victim of an illegal marriage.

And if he should succeed in his bigamous scheme, what then? What use would she be as a wife, unless her mother should keep that promise he had overheard: to endow her with the moiety of her own life interest in the estate of the deceased storekeeper?

To marry Julia Girdwood against her mother's wish would be a simple absurdity. He did not dread the danger that might accrue from the crime. He did not think of it. But to become son-in-law to a woman, whose daughter might remain penniless as long as she herself lived, would be a poor speculation. A woman, too, who talked of living another half century!

The jest was not without significance; and Swinton thought so.

He felt confident that he could dupe the daughter into marrying him; but to get that half million out of the mother, he must stand before the altar as a lord!

These were Mrs. Girdwood's original conditions. He knew she still adhered to them. If fulfilled, she would still consent; but not otherwise.

To go on, then, the sham *incognito* must be continued—the deception kept up.

But how?

This was the point that puzzled him.

The impersonation had become difficult. In Newport and New York it had been easy; in Paris still easier; but he was at length in London, where such a cheat would be in danger of being detected.

Moreover, in his last interview with the ladies, he had been sensible of some change in their behavior toward him—an absence of the early congeniality. It was shown chiefly by Mrs. Girdwood herself. Her warm friendship suddenly conceived at Newport, continued in New York, and afterward renewed in Paris, appeared to have as suddenly grown cool.

What could be the cause? Had she heard anything to his discredit? Could she have discovered the counterfeit? Or was she only suspicious of it?

Only the last question troubled him. He did not think he had been found out. He had played his part skillfully; having given no clue to his concealed title. And he had given good reasons for his care in concealing it.

He admitted to himself that she had cause for being suspicious. She had extended hospitality to him in America. He had not returned it in Europe, for reasons well-known.

True, he had only met his American acquaint-

ances in Paris; but even there, an English lord should have shown himself more liberal; and she might have felt piqued at his parsimony.

For similar reasons he had not yet called upon them in London.

On the contrary, since his return, he had purposely kept out of their way.

In England he was in his own country; and why should he be living under an assumed name? If a lord, why under straightened circumstances? In Mrs. Girdwood's eyes these would be suspicious circumstances.

The last might be explained: by the fact of there being poor lords, though not many. Not many, who do not find the means to dress well, and dine sumptuously—to keep a handsome house, if they feel disposed.

Since his return from the States, Swinton could do none of these things. How, then, was he to pass himself off for a lord—even one of the poorest?

He had almost despaired of being able to continue the counterfeit; when the patronage of a lord, real and powerful, inspired him with fresh hope. Through it his prospects had become entirely changed. It had put money in his purse, and promised more. What was equally encouraging, he could now, in real truth claim being employed in a diplomatic capacity. True, it was but as a *spy*; but this is an essential part of the diplomatic service!

There was his apparent intimacy with a great cabinet minister; there would be his constant visits to the grand mansion in Piccadilly—strange if with these appearances in his favor, he could not still contrive to throw dust in the eyes of Dame Girdwood!

Certainly his scheme was far from hopeless. By the new appointment a long vista of advantages had been suddenly disclosed to him; and he now set himself to devise the best plan for improving them.

Fan was called into his counsels: for the wife was still willing. Less than ever did she care for him, or what he might do. She, too, had become conscious of brighter prospects; and might hope, at no distant day, to appear once more in Botolph Row, in her part of "pretty horsebreaker."

If, otherwise, she had a poor opinion of her husband, she did not despise his talent for intrigue. There was proof of it in their changed circumstances; and though she well knew the source from which their sudden prosperity had sprung, she knew, also, the advantage, to a woman of her propensities, in being a wife. "United we stand, divided we fall," may have been the thought in her mind; but, whether it was or not, she was still ready to assist her husband in accomplishing a second marriage! With the certificate of the first, carefully stowed away in a secret drawer of her dressing-case, she had nothing to fear; beyond the chance of a problematical exposure.

She did not fear this, so long as there was a prospect of that splendid plunder, in which she would be a sharer. Dick had promised to be "true as steel," and she had reciprocated the promise.

With a box of cigars, and a decanter of sherry between them, a programme was traced out for the further prosecution of the nefarious scheme.

#### CHAPTER LIX.—A DISTINGUISHED DINNER PARTY.

IT WAS a chill November night; but there was no coldness inside the South Bank Cottage—the one occupied by Mr. Richard Swinton.

There was company in it.

There had been a dinner-party, of nine covers. The dinner was eaten; and the diners had returned to the drawing-room.

The odd number of nine precluded an exact pairing of the sexes. The ladies out-counted the gentlemen, by five to four.

Four of them are already known to the reader. They were Mrs. Swinton, Mrs. Girdwood, her daughter and niece. The fifth was a stranger, not only to the reader, but to Mrs. Girdwood and her girls.

Three of the gentlemen were the host himself, Mr. Lewis Lucas and his friend, Mr. Spiller. The fourth, like the odd lady, was a stranger.

He did not appear strange to Mrs. Swinton; who during the dinner had treated him with remarkable familiarity, calling him her "dear Gustave;" while he in turn let the company know she was his wife!

He spoke with a French accent, and by Swinton was styled "the count."

The strange lady appeared to know him—also in a familiar way. She was the Honorable Miss Courtney—Geraldine Courtney.

With such a high-sounding name, she could not look other than aristocratic.

She was pretty, as well, and accomplished; with just that dash of freedom, in speech and in manner, which distinguishes the lady of *haut ton* from the wife or daughter of a "tradesman."

In Miss Courtney it was carried to a slight excess. So a prudish person might have thought.

But Mrs. Girdwood was not prudish—least of all, in the presence of such people. She was delighted with the Honorable Geraldine; and wondered not at her wild way—only at her amiable condescensions!

She was charmed also with the count, and his beautiful countess.

His lordship had done the correct thing at last—by introducing her to such company. Though still passing under the assumed name of Swinton—even among his own friends—the invitation to that dinner-party disarmed her of suspicion. The dinner itself still more; and she no longer sought to penetrate the mystery of his *incognito*.

Besides, he had repeated the plea that hitherto satisfied her. Still was it diplomacy!

Even Julia was less distant with him. A house handsomely furnished; a table profusely spread; titled guests around it; well-dressed servants in waiting; all this proved that Mr. Swinton was



somebody. And it was only his temporary town residence, taken for a time and a purpose—still diplomacy. She had not yet seen his splendid place in the country, to which he had given hints of an invitation.

Proud republican as Julia Girdwood was, she was still but the child of a parvenu.

And there was something in the surroundings to affect her fancy. She saw this man, Mr. Swinton, whom she had hitherto treated slightly, now in the midst of his own friends, behaving handsomely, and treated with respect. Such friends, too! all bearing titles—all accomplished—two of them beautiful women, who appeared not only intimate with, but complaisant toward him!

Moreover, no one could fail to see that he was handsome. He had never looked better, in her eyes, than on that evening. It was a situation not only to stir curiosity, but suggest thoughts of rivalry!

And perhaps Julia Girdwood had them. It was the first time she had figured in the company of titled aristocracy. It would not be strange if her fancy was affected in such presence. Higher pride than hers has succumbed to its influence.

She was not the only one of her party who gave way to the wayward influences of the hour, and the seductions of their charming host. Mr. Lucas, inspired by repeated draughts of sherry and champagne, forgot his past antipathies, and of course burned to embrace him. Mr. Lucas's shadow Spiller, was willing to do the same!

Perhaps the only one of Mrs. Girdwood's set who preserved independence, was the daughter of the Poughkeepsie shopkeeper. In her quiet, unpretending Cornelia showed dignity far superior to that of her own friends, or even the grand people to whom they had been presented.

But even she had no suspicion of the shams that surrounded her. No more than her aunt Girdwood, did she dream, that Mr. Swinton was Mr. Swinton; that the countess was his wife; that the count was an impostor—like Swinton himself, playing a part; and that the Honorable Geraldine was a lady of Mrs. Swinton's acquaintance, alike accomplished, and equally well-known in the circles of St. John's Wood, under the less aristocratic cognomen of "Kate the coper." Belonging to the sisterhood of "pretty horse-breakers," she had earned this sobriquet by exhibiting superior skill in disposing of her cast steeds!

Utterly ignorant of the game that was being played, as of the players, Mrs. Girdwood spent the evening in a state approaching to supreme delight. Mr. Swinton, ever by her side, took the utmost pains to cancel the debt of hospitality long due; and he succeeded in canceling it.

If she could have had any suspicion of his dishonesty, it would have been dispelled by an incident that occurred during the course of the evening.

As it was an episode interrupting the entertainment, we shall be excused for describing it.

The guests in the drawing-room were taking tea and coffee, carried round to them by the servants—a staff hired from a fashionable confectionary—when the gate-bell jingled under the touch of a hand that appeared used to the pulling of it.

"I can tell that ring," said Swinton, speaking loud enough for his guests to hear him. "I'll lay a wager it's Lord P—"

"Lord P—!"

The name was that of a distinguished nobleman—more distinguished still as a cabinet minister! Swinton's proclaiming it caused his company a thrill—the strangers looking incredulous.

"They had scarce time to question him, before a servant entering the room, communicated something in a whisper.

"His lordship, is it?" said the master, in a muttered tone, just loud enough to reach the ear of Mrs. Girdwood. "Show him into the front parlor. Say I shall be down in a second. Ladies and gentlemen!" he continued, turning to his guests, "will you excuse me for one moment—only a moment? I have a visitor who cannot well be denied."

They excused him, of course; and for a time he was gone out of the room.

And of course his guests were curious to know who was the visitor, who "could not well be denied."

On his return they questioned him; the "countess" with an imperative earnestness that called for an answer.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen!" said their amiable entertainer, "if you insist upon knowing who has been making this very ill-timed call upon me, I suppose I must satisfy you accordingly. It was Lord P—, His lordship simply dropped in upon a matter of diplomatic business."

"Oh! it was Lord P—!" exclaimed the Honorable Geraldine. "Why didn't you ask him in here? He's a dear old fellow, as I know; and I'm sure he would have come. Mr. Swinton! I'm very angry with you!"

"Pon now! Miss Courtney, I'm very sorry; I didn't think of it, else I should have been most happy."

"He's gone, I suppose?"

"Aw, yes. He went away as soon as he understood I had company."

And this was true—all true. Lord P— had really been in the front parlor, and had gone off on learning what was passing up-stairs in the drawing-room.

He had parted too with a feeling of disappointment, almost chagrin; though it was not diplomatic business to which the villa was indebted for his visit.

However fruitless his calling had proved to him, it was not without advantage to Mr. Swinton.

"The man who receives midnight visits from a lord, and that lord a member of the British Cabinet—must either be a lord himself, or a somebody!"

This was said in soliloquy by the retail storekeeper's widow, as that night she stretched her-

self upon one of the luxurious couches of the "Clarendon."

About the same time, her daughter gave way to a somewhat similar reflection!

### The Trial of General George W. Cole, for the Murder of the Hon. L. Harris Hiscock, at Albany, N. Y.

THE circumstances attending the killing of Hon. Luther Harris Hiscock, late member of the New York State Constitutional Convention, by General Geo. W. Cole, at Stanwix Hall, Albany, N. Y., have already been given in detail to the public. The motive of the homicide, it is known, was the impulse of an outraged husband, in consequence of alleged improper intimacies between the deceased and Mrs. Cole. The case was brought to trial in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Albany, on the 22d of April, and went to the jury on Monday, the 4th of May. The defense was chiefly based upon the alleged mental aberration of the prisoner, resulting from injuries received while in the army, and heightened by the circumstances of his domestic misfortune.

During the eleven months of his confinement, General Cole has relieved the tedium of his restricted privileges by manufacturing many neat ornaments and curiosities from wood, miniature birdcages, and a small house for a quantity of white mice that were sent him by a friend. In his cell, which is a commodious one, well ventilated and lighted, are many little tokens of esteem and remembrance, and among them a beautiful anchor, made of moss and wild wood, by his children, and suspended by them on the wall, near his bed. He complains that the time has hung very heavily upon him; his restrictions, after the exciting scenes of the camp, march and battle-field, cause him much depression of spirits.

George W. Cole entered the army as a private at the commencement of the war, and rose to the rank of Major General by brevet. He is brother of Cornelius Cole, United States Senator from California. He also has a brother now acting as American Consul at Acapulco.

Mr. Cole has been engaged for some time past as detective in the United States Revenue Service in New York. His wife is connected with some of the most respectable families in this State.

Luther Harris Hiscock was born in the town of Pompey, in the county of Onondaga, in the year 1824, the son of a farmer, commencing his early life, under the necessities which crowded around the family, as a laborer in the field. At an early age he evinced a disposition to study law, and applied himself diligently to increasing his knowledge during the intervals of his farm work. He was a self-made man, working out with his own intellect and his own arm all the positions which were conferred upon him.

### The Impeachment Trial, Washington, D. C.—Remarkable scene in the U. S. Senate, May 6th—The Audience in the Galleries Applauding at the Close of Manager Bingham's Speech—Senator Trumbull Moving for the Arrest of the Disorderly Spectators.

THE analysis of the real significance of the Impeachment Trial, of its features of vital importance, its possible results, its legal, moral and political phases, may not be brought within the brief and capacity of an illustrated newspaper. The popular heart and mind must receive their impressions of this great national proceeding from a more profound study of the questions involved than can be gathered from our pictorial representations. Still, our mission, within its own sphere, is of extreme value to the masses in these movements of absorbing interest, for in our true pictures of the scenes of this eventful national drama we live to this and to coming generations an idea of many of its salient points, that could scarcely be conveyed by words. For example, what words can so truthfully and vividly represent the remarkable scene in the galleries of the U. S. Senate, at the close of Mr. Bingham's speech on the 6th inst., as the engraving that we publish in this number, in illustration of that singular spectacle? The applause that followed the eloquent manager's peroration, the clapping of hands, the waving of handkerchiefs, the tumult of excited approbation, presented a scene not often associated with the history of parliamentary proceedings, and our artist at Washington was not slow in taking advantage of that strange demonstration in the face of the solemnity of that august tribunal. As a fitting companion to this picture, we give a representation on our front page of the scene on the floor of the Senate immediately after the order of the Chief Justice to clear the galleries. The moment seized by the artist for illustration is that when Senator Trumbull arose and moved that the Sergeant-at-Arms be directed to arrest all the disorderly spectators. There was at the time, naturally, considerable excitement and confusion on the floor of the Senate, and it was only after repeated orders to that effect that the galleries were cleared and the court restored to a condition of quiet and decorum. We take it for granted that every one that reads at all has read the report of that peculiar episode in our Congressional history, and it is not necessary for us to enter into the details of that spicy little by-play in the drama of Impeachment.

### The First Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, Mass.—The Grand Opening Performance on Tuesday Evening, May 5th, at the Boston Music Hall.

THE first triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, Mass., opened on the 5th inst., at Music Hall, and was the occasion of the largest and most enthusiastic congregation of singers that has ever been assembled in this country. The present is the third of the great festivals of the society, though known as the first in the regular series.

The first attempt of this organization to gather a large body of singers was made in 1837, and met with a success that was most encouraging to the projectors of the enterprise. Though meeting frequently for mutual improvement, and in local concerts, it was not until 1853 that the society decided on holding festivals on the grandest scale possible, and the attempt then, being on the fiftieth anniversary of the existence of the society, was attended by results which gave conclusive proofs that an intelligent public would heartily support any first-class festival, however gigantic it might be. The chorus of the society, composed of young ladies and gentlemen, gathered together from the various occupations in life, was for the most part made up of amateurs, who have grown in proficiency with the organization, and forming perhaps the secret of its wonderful success. The regular members of the

society number nearly five hundred, and on the occasion of the First Triennial Festival, the force was augmented by delegations from the New York Philharmonic Society to seven hundred and forty-seven persons, distributed as follows: Soprano, 230; Alto, 171; Tenor, 142; Bass, 204.

The principal vocalists are, Madame Parepa-Rosa, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mr. George Simpson, and W. W. Whitney, and other distinguished artists, whose voices have been heard in almost all our prominent cities. A large stage was erected for the accommodation of the singers, the seats being placed in regular tiers, giving that portion of the hall the appearance of a vast amphitheatre.

The mammoth organ was placed under the management of Mr. B. J. Lang, and the orchestra, numbering one hundred and ten performers, occupied a position directly in front of the huge instrument. The first entertainment was given at eleven o'clock in the morning, and as the principal performers took their stations they were greeted with loud and continuous applause. Quietness being restored, Dr. J. B. Upham, President of the Handel and Haydn Society, made a few appropriate remarks on the origin of the society, and the object of the festival. With a promptness worthy of imitation by more pretentious musical bodies, the opening strains of the first piece burst forth in a few moments after the President had concluded. The voices of the immense assembly swelled out with vigor and distinctness, the violins twittered an audible sound here and there, the organ belched out in full, round, melodious tones, and the entire arrangement was in full and successful blast. In Mendelssohn's "Ninety-fifth Psalm," the efforts of Madame Parepa-Rosa and Miss Phillips were characterized with a clearness, force, and delicacy of expression that manifested the high conceptions those artists had of the sentiments of the piece. In the evening Handel's "Samson" was rendered in an equally successful and felicitous manner. The festival was continued through the week, three performances being given daily.

The business men of Boston responded nobly to the appeals made by the society for funds to defray the expenses of the occasion, and instead of the \$25,000 solicited, they subscribed nearly \$50,000. They surely can have no cause to regret the outlay, for there was never a fuller and more satisfactory return made for money advanced than that by the Handel and Haydn Society at their First Triennial Festival.

M. Loring B. Barnes, the efficient secretary of the society, is entitled to great credit for his indefatigable labors during several weeks past, in attending to the general arrangements for the festival, and performing the duties which have devolved upon him in his official capacity.

### THE VAULTED CHAMBER.

THE following narrative has been well authenticated:

Some years ago, a Mr. L—, one of the best and boldest members of the famous Midlands hunt, was killed by his horse falling with him at a leap. He left a widow and one daughter, a very lovely girl. Mrs. L—'s estate, however, passed to a male heir, a distant cousin, and Mrs. L— and her daughter determined to take up their abode on the Continent.

After a short sojourn at Paris, they proceeded to Tours, traveling, from preference, by the post-road, until, one evening, the picturesque aspect of a little hamlet, overlooked by a fine old chateau, induced them to halt there for the night. They were informed by the landlord of the rustic inn that the gray walls to the south were the property of M. Gaspard, a widower, who desired to dispose of it, and was, meanwhile, residing alone at a league from the house.

Next morning, Mrs. L— and her daughter passed some hours exploring the venerable mansion, and roaming in its noble but neglected garden, until they arrived at the conclusion that nothing could possibly please them better. A proposal was forthwith addressed to the proprietor. No difficulties ensued; and the ladies were soon installed in their new possession, as well as it would seem, in the good graces of M. Gaspard himself, for he paid them frequent visits, and speedily established himself on the footing of an intimate friend. He was a man of handsome person, and also of more than ordinary talents, having, moreover, the art to turn them to advantage; and it was not long before M. Gaspard became the devoted suitor of Ada L—.

One peculiarity he possessed, which soon attracted Mrs. L—'s notice—a liability to sudden fits of gloom and abstraction, against which he manifestly strove in vain. These, however, it is true, were not of frequent occurrence; and, with this single exception, all went merrily as that marriage bell which, in about a fortnight, was to celebrate the union of the affianced pair; for M. Gaspard was an ardent lover, and gave his mistress no peace until he had secured an early day.

One night, Ada, fatigued with a walk somewhat longer than common, withdrew early to her chamber, a lofty, spacious apartment, with furniture of oak and ebony, and having a large, old wardrobe directly facing the bed. She was awakened by sounds like the rustling of a silk dress, and, to her amazement, saw a young lady, richly attired in the fashion of a past period, cross the room and disappear, as it seemed, into the closed wardrobe. The vision passed so suddenly, that the young lady had no difficulty in persuading herself that it was nothing more than a dream, or one of those impressions, so real in appearance, that frequently visit us on the confines of actual sleep. When, however, on the next night, a precisely similar incident occurred, and, still more, when the third night presented the same image, Mrs. L—'s alarm and dismay were fully aroused. On this last occasion she had taken her maid to sleep with her; and it was the loud screams of the latter that awakened her, in time to notice the retreat of the figure.

Cautioning the servant to be silent on the matter, Mrs. L— communicated the circumstance to her mother. Workmen were sent to examine the wardrobe, when, at the back, was found a small door. This being forced open, revealed a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted the searchers to a little vault-like chamber. In one corner lay a heap of moth-eaten clothes and other objects, which a nearer scrutiny proved to be the remains of a human being, of which little more than the skeleton was left. A ring and a locket were also found; and these, at the police investigation which succeeded, tended to the identification of the remains as those of a beautiful girl of the village, who, five years before, had, it was supposed, quitted her home with a young soldier who had been seen in the neighborhood.

M. Gaspard was placed under surveillance; but even this cautious step sufficed. His conscience had long tormented him. He acknowledged that he had seduced and murdered the girl; but under what circumstances was never revealed, except to a confessor. He was found guilty, but not executed; passing the remainder of his miserable life in the condition, worse than death, of a prisoner at the galley, without hope of pardon.

### THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A GENTLEMAN connected with Gen. Palmer's engineer corps of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, writing from Camp Cody, on the Mohave river, California, gives the following description of a remarkable valley in that region:

Eighty miles northwest of this camp is the well-known and much dreaded "Death Valley." It is said to be lower than the level of the sea, and wholly destitute of water. Mr. Spears, our intelligent guide, who visited this remarkable valley several times, gave me the following account of it, with the reason for its terrible name: The valley is some 30 miles long by 30 in breadth, and save at two points, it is wholly encircled by mountains, up whose steep sides it is impossible for any but expert climbers to ascend. It is devoid of vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkened its white, glaring sand.

In the early days, trains of emigrants bound for California passed, under the direction of guides, to the south of Death Valley, by what is now known as the "old Mormon road." In the year 1856, a large train, with some 300 emigrants, mostly from Illinois and Missouri, came south from Salt Lake, guided by a Mormon. When near Death Valley, a dissent broke out in a part of the train, and twenty-one families came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader and broke off from the main party. This leader determined to turn due west; so with the people's aid one and a flock he traveled for three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the center, but only the white glaring sand, bounded by the scorched peaks, met their gaze on every hand. Around the valley they wandered, and once on the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, and the swollen mountains and burning sands were mothers colored. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men, terrified, and raved, and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountains. It lasted but a short time, then all perished but two, who, through some miraculous means, got out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven persons, with hundreds of animals, perished in this fearful place, and since then the name of Death Valley has been applied to it. Mr. Spears says that when he visited it last winter, after the lapse of ten years, he found the wagon still compact, the iron-work and tires bright, and the shriveled skeletons lying in many places side by side.

### Three Years Under Water—The Submarine Life of a Professional Diver.

ABOUT twenty years ago, Hiram Hill, then well-known in Cairo, Ill., accepted employment, on Messrs. Eads & Nelson's wrecking or submarine bell-boats. In time he was installed as diver, and as such we propose to speak of him. He remained in the employment of Messrs. Eads & Nelson a period of eighteen years. He is now on Messrs. Dugan & Co.'s Underwriter, where we saw him and learned something of the life of a diver. The use of a bell in diving is now discarded. The diver wears a water-tight armor over his entire person, except the head, which is covered by an inverted metallic pot, in which the head can turn and move at ease. Thick, transparent glass is fixed in front to serve as windows, and to prevent accident this glass is protected by steel bars or fenders. Equipped in this armor, the diver puts on a pair of lead-soled shoes, weighing each twenty pounds, fastens to his back and breast a piece of lead weighing forty pounds, attaches the tube through which he receives air to the back of his head-pot, and then is ready for his submarine explorations.

He generally descends to the bottom of the river by the use of a ladder, but can, without incurring any risk, jump from the boat and sink to the bottom. The moment he disappears under water, the air pump commences its work of supplying him with a constant stream of fresh air. If at any time the air ceases to go out a pressure upon him, the pressure is relieved by a self-acting valve, fixed at the side of the head. If the pump does not furnish sufficient air the diver indicates the fact by signs, and the supply is increased. Mr. Hill informs us that he has remained under water five hours at a time. The great weight of lead fastened upon his feet and body is necessary to counteract the buoyancy of the air furnished him by the pump. While on the boat, the armor and weights form a load or a strong man. Under water they impose no realizable weight, and in no way impede motion.

Mr. Hill informs us that he has, while under water, often clambered up stanchions, jumped down ladders, a distance of twelve and fifteen feet, with much greater ease and less risk than he might have performed the same feats out of water. Taking with him his tools, he has frequently worked for hours at a time, picking up the bottoms of sunken steamers, screw boats, boring holes, driving nails, etc., with perfect ease and accuracy. When the water is clear, he can recognize shapes at a distance of two or three feet, and a distance of six inches he can determine the different kinds of timber. When the rivers are high and the water is muddy, everything is impenetrably black, rendering it immaterial whether his eyes are open or shut. But with him the character of the water is immaterial.

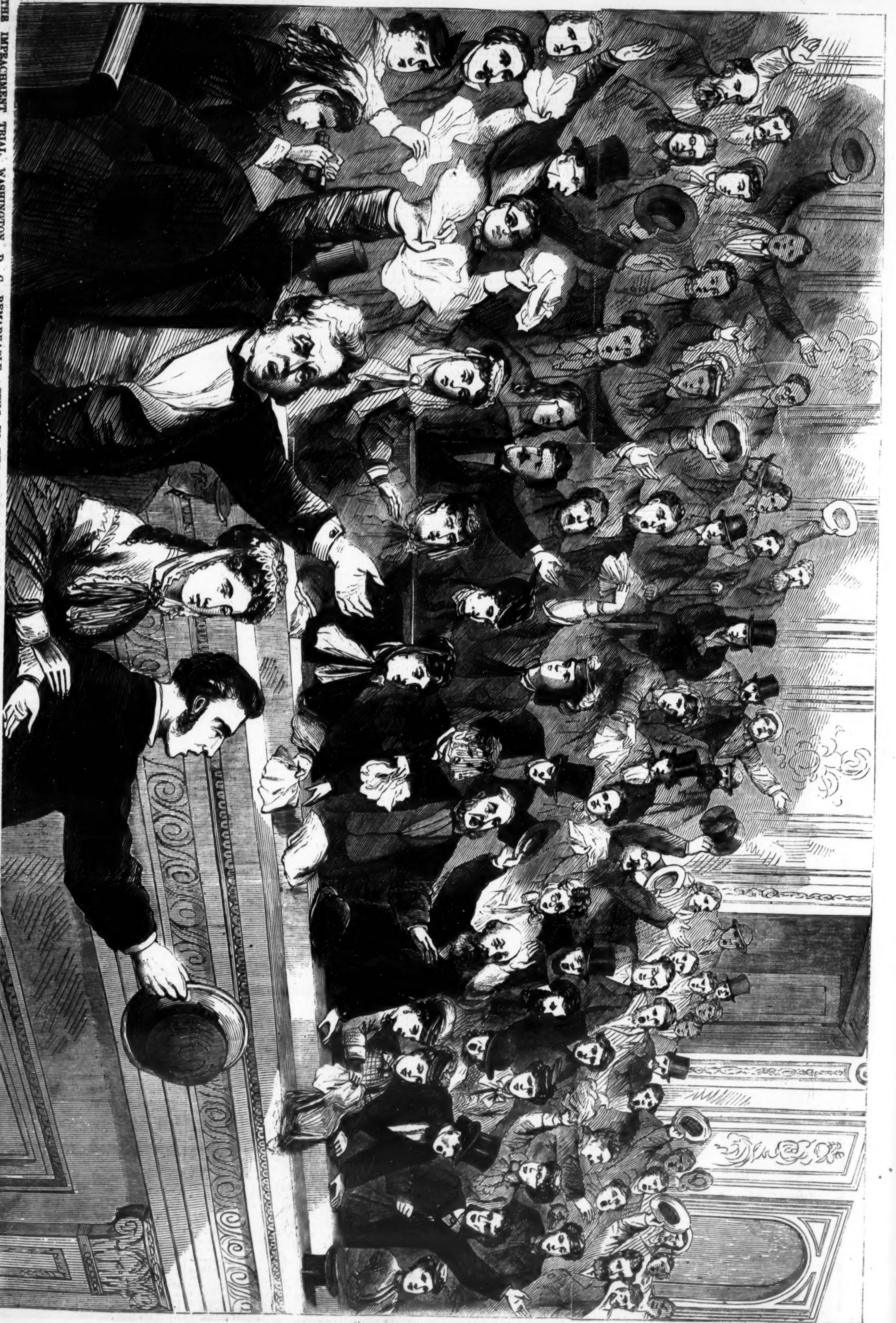
He has been at the business so long, that by the mere sense of touch he can instantly determine what portion of the wreck he is exploring; can cork up cracks, or patch up holes; can determine the character of the sunken cargo; pass from hatch to hatch through the hold, and do everything else under water that an expert blind man might do on land. He says that he has been blind and still a diver; that there is no suffering sensation, no odds how long he remains under. Indeed, so accustomed is he to life and labor under water, that he feels somewhat lost when his stay on land is protracted. He is of opinion that about three years of his life have been spent under water, yet he has no scars on his body, no signs of sun or glare, not even a cold. He is, to all intents and purposes, a human being, not even partaking of the nature of a merman—or any other fish!

MR. MCGEE'S DREAM.—Palm Sunday, two days before the assassination, Mr. McGee spent with an esteemed friend in Ottawa, from the members of whose family the purchase of what we are about to relate were received. The deceased went to holy communion in the morning at early mass. During the fore part of the day he wrote letters to the Earl of Mayo, and Dr. Tupper, who is now in London. After dinner he retired to the library, and had a short nap. Upon returning to the study, he said he felt somewhat annoyed at a singular dream he had had. Upon the ladies asking him to repeat it, he said: "I dreamt I was standing by the Falls of Niagara, and saw a boat, containing two men, sailing down the rapids, and approaching the brink of the cataract. Seeing their danger and apparent ignorance of it, I rushed forward to warn them. The boat turned round and proceeded up the rapids, and I went over into the gulf beneath." These are, as near as possible, the words in which Mr. McGee told a dream, which seems to have been a premonition of that death which soon followed. It certainly derives great significance from the awful fulfillment.

MR. WEEVIL having been out to a Life Party with a few friends, upon getting into bed at one A. M. he awoke with a start. Mrs. W. pleasantly desired to know "why he was making such a ridiculous case of himself." Mr. W.: "Well, you see, my dear, I expect a storm, and came prepared."

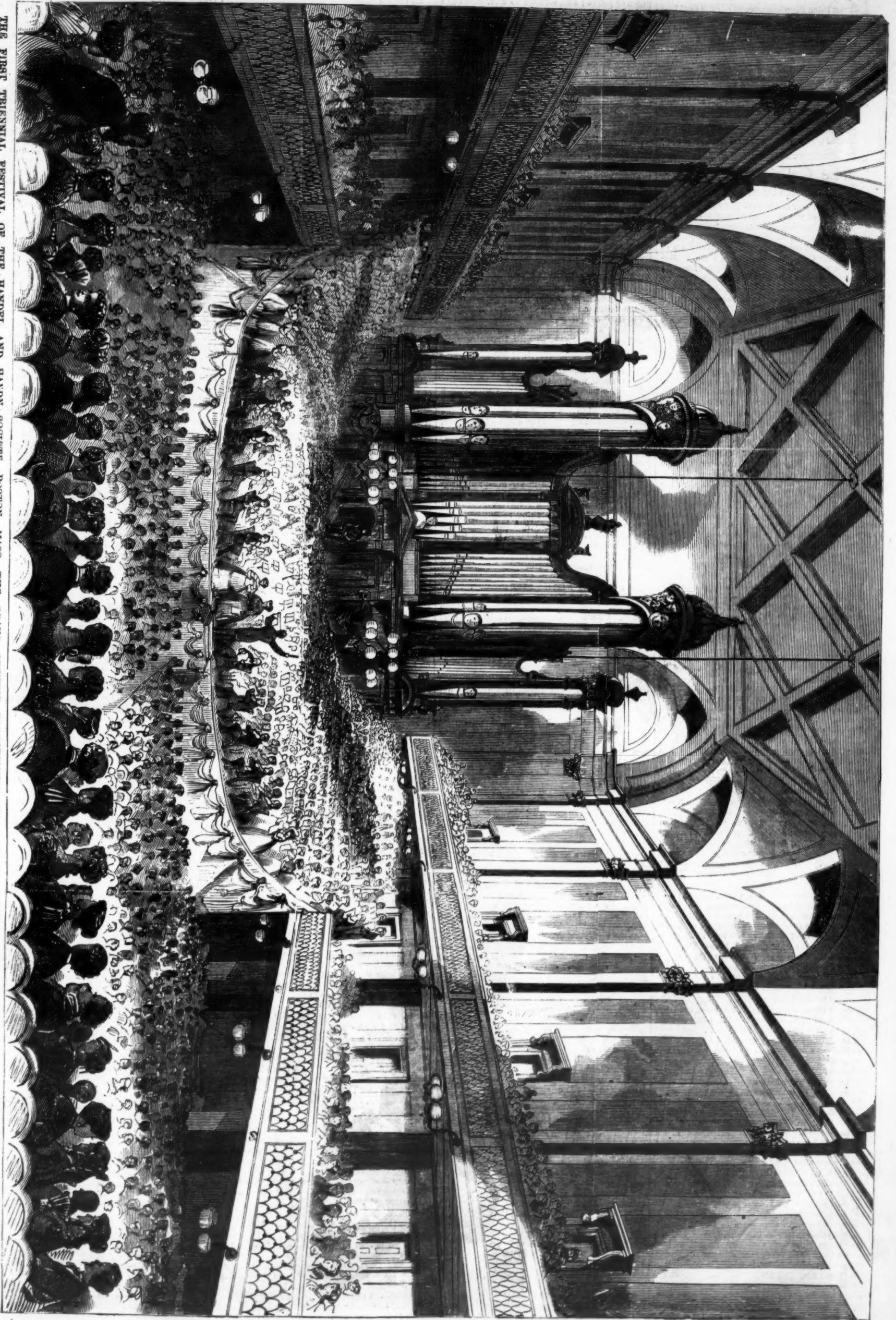


THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—REMARKABLE SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, MAY 6th—THE AUDIENCE—IN THE GALLERIES APPLAUDING AT THE CLOSE OF MANAGER BINGHAM'S SPEECH.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 151.





THE FIRST TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, BOSTON, MASS.—THE GRAND OPENING PERFORMANCE ON TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 5TH, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. CHAMBERLAIN.—SEE PAGE 151.





## A SOUTHERN GRAVE.

Wanna fades the winter sunset's fragile gold,  
And while athwart my floor are dimly shed  
Beams of the expanding moonlight overhead;  
While icy dusk enwraps the leafless wold  
And frost-ferns on the enshement glisten cold,  
Here by the crumbled embers' dreamy red,  
With fancy to thy bourne of quiet fled,  
O love, this peaceful picture I behold:  
A land where yonder twilight left its bloom  
In loitering crimson, shot with purple bars,  
Where roars the slim palmetto's glossy plume,  
And not a breeze the fragrant silence mars,  
And some lone bird, above thy nameless tomb,  
Flutes a wild requiem to the tropic stars!

## The Cabriolet Driver.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I KNOW not whether, among the readers of this paper, any may have observed the difference which exists between the cabriolet-driver and the hackney coachman at Paris. The latter, grave, motionless, and cold, endures the inclemencies of the weather with the indifference of a stoic. Isolated upon his box, he sits in the midst of society without being in contact with it. The only amusement in which he ever indulges is the bestowing of a cut with his whip upon a passing comrade. He displays no affection for the two miserable hacks which he drives, nor any sympathy for the unfortunate beings who are often, like so much lumber, dragged along in the crazy vehicle under his control. He never exchanges a smile with one of his fares unless he happen to hear the classic words, "Anywhere, and as slow as you please."

In short, the hackney coachman of Paris is a selfish and surly being, who wears his hair straight, and often takes God's name in vain. Not so the cab-driver. You must be in an ill-humor indeed to repulse his advances, after seeing him carefully push the straw under your feet, and deprive himself of his great-coat to preserve you from the rain or cold. You must be afflicted with a very obstinate fit of silence to refrain from answering the various questions he puts to you, or to take no notice of his exclamations and the historical quotations with which he besets you. The truth is, the cab-driver has lived in the world, and is acquainted with society. He has driven in his vehicle the candidate academicien, paying his thirty-nine visits; and, by the close contact, some of the academicien's color has remained attached to him;—this has given him a tint of literature. Then again, he has driven with great expedition, to the chamber of deputies one of its legislators, who, during the drive, has rubbed politics into him. Next, two medical students have got into his cab, and talked about operations;—this has made him almost a doctor. In sum, the cabriolet-driver has a smattering of everything, and is humorous, witty, fond of talking, wears a casquette, and has always a relative or a friend who gets him orders for the play. I regret to be obliged to add, that the place he occupies is generally the centre of the pit.

The hackney coachman is a man of the primitive ages, his communication with mankind being limited to that which is strictly necessary for the performance of his duties. He is a sulky brute, but an honest man.

The cab-driver is also a man of ancient society, but civilization has reached him, and he has yielded to it. His morality is much about the same as that of Bartholo.

Inspectors often take for their sign the figure of a hackney coachman, with his oil-skin hat, his blue great-coat with sundry capes, a whip in one hand and a purse in the other, and underneath, this motto: "THE FAITHFUL COACHMAN." I never recollect seeing the figure of a cabriolet-driver in the same moral situation.

No matter, I have a particular predilection in favor of cab-drivers; which may perhaps arise from my seldom having a purse to leave behind me in their vehicles.

When I am not thinking of a drama which I may be writing, when I am not on the road to attend a tedious rehearsal, or when I have not just left a play which has produced somnolency, I chat with them, and have often derived as much entertainment in a ten minutes' drive, as I have afterward encountered ennui during the four hours of the soirée to which I was driven.

I have a drawer entirely devoted to the recollections of my cabriolet drives, one of which has left upon me a lasting impression.

Almost twelve months have, however, sped by, since Cantillon, who drives No. 221, related to me the story which you are about to read.

Cantillon is from forty to forty-five years old, with a dark complexion, and strongly-marked features.

At the period I am now speaking of, namely, on the 1st of January, 1831, he wore a felt hat, with the remains of lace upon it, a dark greatcoat, the fragments of a livery, and old top boots. Since then it is probable that those remnants of servitude have disappeared.

The reader will soon understand whence arises—or, as I have not seen him since the above period, whence arose—the notable difference between his costume and that of his colleagues.

On the 1st of January, 1831, I had fixed upon the number of visits which I conceived it necessary that I should pay in honor of the first day of the new year. I had made a list, street by street, of those friends to whom it is gratifying to offer the compliments of the season in person; those of sympathetic minds, in short, whom you are sometimes six months without seeing, but at whose houses you never leave a card.

My servant had called a cab. He had chosen Cantillon; and this preference was given to the remains of lace and livery, and to the cock of his hat, which I have already mentioned; for in Cantillon, my servant had detected an ex-brother of the brush and napkin. His cab was, moreover, of

a chocolate color, instead of being bedaubed with green or yellow; and, strange to add, silver-gilt springs allowed the hood to be let half down. A smile of satisfaction convinced Joseph that I was well pleased with his choice, and I gave him leave to go out for the whole day. Having seated myself upon an excellent cushion, Cantillon drew over my knees a cream-color cloak, clicked his tongue, and the horse started without the aid of the whip, which, during our several drives, remained hooked to the side of the carriage, where it seemed an habitual ornament rather than a means of coercion.

"Where to, sir?"

"To M. Charles Nodier's, at the Arsenal."

Cantillon replied by a sign which meant, "Not only do I know that place, but I also know that name." And, being then writing "Antony," and the motion of the cabriolet being easy, I began to meditate upon the end of my third act, which had given me no little trouble.

I know not a more exquisite moment for a poet than which shows him his work brought to a successful conclusion. To arrive at such a consummation, he has endured so many days of tedious labor, so many hours of discouragement, so many checks and moments of despairing doubt, that when, in this struggle between man and the mind, he is master of the idea which he has pressed on all points, attacked on every side, and ultimately made to bend under his perseverance, as the fallen enemy begs for mercy under the knee of his conqueror, he has won a moment of happiness which, in his feeble organization, he presumptuously compares with that of the Almighty, who said to the Earth, Be, and it was. He thinks, in his silly pride, that he also can say, "I have made something out of nothing—I, too, have created a world out of chaos."

True, the poet's world is peopled with only a dozen inhabitants—true that it occupies, in the space assigned to our planetary system, only the thirty-four feet square of the stage of a theatre, and often receives its birth and its death in the course of the same evening;—no matter; my comparison still holds good; and of the two, I prefer the equality which elevates itself, to the equality which seeks its own degradation.

I was speculating thus in my mind; and was looking through a gauze curtain at my own world taking its place among the literary planets. I heard its inhabitants speaking according to my wish, walking in the ways I had indicated, and I was satisfied with them. I heard from a neighboring world a salvo of applause by no means doubtful, which proved that they who beheld my world considered it a good one—and I was satisfied with myself.

This did not prevent me from perceiving, during this dose of vanity—the opium of poets—that my neighbor the driver was discontented at my silence. Uneasy at my abstracted look, and hurt at my apparent disdainful reverie, he endeavored to excite my attention in different ways. Once he said to me, "Your cloak will fall, sir;"—I pulled it over my knees without making any reply. At another time, he blew his fingers, and I silently put my hands into my pockets. He then whistled the "Parisienne," and I beat time with my fingers. I had told him when I set out, that we should remain together at least five or six hours, and he was really distressed at the idea that during all that time I should maintain a silence so opposed to his love of conversation. At last, his uneasiness became so apparent that I took pity upon him. I opened my lips to address him; his countenance expanded; but, unfortunately for him, the idea which I was in search of to conclude my third act, struck me at the same instant; and when half turned toward him, with my lips separated as if about to speak, I suddenly resumed my former posture, muttering to myself the word, "Good!"

Cantillon thought I was out of my senses. At first he sighed; a short time after, he pulled up, saying: "Here we are."

We were at Nodier's door.

I should like to speak of Nodier, for myself, in the first place, who know and love him, and in the next place for those who love him without knowing him. But this another time. I must now speak of my cabriolet-driver.

At the expiration of half an hour I resumed my seat in the cab. Before I entered, Cantillon carefully raised the splashing-board for me. I took my seat beside him, and after a preliminary brrrr and a few wriggles of my body, found myself in the same easy place as had before led me into meditation. Then with half-closed eyes I said:

"To M. Taylor's, Rue de Bondy."

Cantillon seized the opportunity of my having addressed him, to say rapidly:

"Is not M. Charles Nodier a gentleman who writes books?"

"Precisely. But what the devil do you know about his books?"

"Why I read one of his novels when I lived with M. Eugène"—(and he sighed). "It was the story of a young girl whose lover was guillotined."

"Térence Aubert?"

"That's it, sir. Oh! if I knew that gentleman, I would give him a famous subject for a novel."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir, you need not say Ah! about it. If I could handle the pen as well as I handle the whip, I would give it to nobody, but write a novel on it myself."

"Well, suppose you tell me the story."

He looked at me and winked.

"You!" said he; "why, sir, that wouldn't be the same thing."

"Why?"

"Why, because you don't write books, sir."

"No, but I write plays, and perhaps your story might serve for a drama." He looked at me again.

"Did you write 'Les Deux Forcats,' sir?"

"No, my friend."

"Or 'L'Auberge des Adrets'?"

"No!"

"For what theatre do you write plays, then?"

"Hitherto I have written only for the Odéon."

He made a sort of mouth, something like a pout, which showed me that I had sunk considerably in his good opinion. Then, having reflected a little, he seemed suddenly to make up his mind.

"Well, it's all the same," said he. "When I lived with M. Eugène, I used to go to the Théâtre Français, where I saw M. Talma, in 'Sylla.' He was exactly like the Emperor. It's a fine play, I must confess. And then in a sort of after-piece, there was an intriguing rascal who wore the dress of a valet, and made faces. The fellow was funny—but, for all that, I prefer 'L'Auberge des Adrets.'"

There was no replying to this; and, moreover, at this period I was too deeply involved in literary controversy to be desirous of adding to the number of my opponents.

"You write tragedies then?" he asked, looking at me askance.

"No, my friend."

"What do you write then, sir?"

"Dramas."

"Ah! you are one of the romanticists. I drove an academicien the other day who cut them up in fine style. He writes tragedies, and he recited to me some lines in his last. I don't know his name, but he is tall and thin, wears the croix d'honneur, and has a red tip to his nose. You know him, sir, no doubt?"

I made a sign with my head which indicated an affirmative.

"But your story," I said.

"Ah! sir, my story is a very melancholy one. It is a tale of blood and death!"

The profound emotion with which he said this, greatly excited my curiosity.

"Go on, my friend."

"Go on! that is easy to say, but if the tears come, I shall be unable to go on—"

I looked at him in my turn.

"Sir," said he, "I have not always been a cabriolet-driver, as you may perceive by my livery"—(and he pointed with an air of satisfaction to his coat, upon which there still remained a few fragments of the red facings that once adorned it.) "Ten years ago I entered the service of M. Eugène. Did you know M. Eugène, sir?"

"Eugène, who?"

"Ay, Eugène who! That's more than I can tell. I never heard him called anything but M. Eugène. He was a tall young man, like you, and about your age. Pray how old may you be, sir?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Ay, that is it. Not quite so dark as you; and then you have negro hair, and his hair was quite flat, sir. He was good-looking for all that; but as melancholy as my night-cap. He had ten thousand francs a year, but that did him no good, and for a long time I thought he had a stomach complaint."

"Well, I entered his service. He was so mild that he always spoke in one equal tone. 'Cantillon, my hat—Cantillon, get the cabriolet ready—Cantillon, if M. Alfred de Linares calls, say I am not at home!' You must know, sir, that he did not like this M. de Linares, who was a dissolute fellow, a complete rascal. He lived in the same hotel as we did, and was always boring us with his company—we were quite sick of him. He called that same day, and I said my master was out; but as misfortune would have it, at that very instant my master coughed. M. Alfred heard it, and said as he retired, 'Tell your master that he is an impertinent fellow.' But I kept this to myself, and it went for nothing. But, sir, to what number did you tell me to drive in the Rue de Bondy?"

"No, 64."

"Whoa! here it is."

Taylor was not at home.

"Well, go on."

"Go on—oh! the story; but where am I to drive you now, sir?"

"Rue St. Lazare, No. 58."

"Ah! Mademoiselle Mars lives there. She's another of the first-raters. Well, sir, as I was saying, we went the same evening to a soirée in the Rue de la Paix. At midnight my master came out in a devil of a temper, for he had met M. Alfred, and some angry words had passed between them. He was muttering to himself, 'He is a puppy whom I must chastise.' I had forgotten to tell you that my master was a crack shot, and fenced like St. George. We were crossing the bridge with the statues upon it—there were no statues then—and we passed a woman sobbing so bitterly, that we heard her in spite of our wheels. My master said 'Pull up,' and I did so; and before I had time to turn my head, he was standing upon the ground."

"The night was as dark as pitch. The female went forward and my master followed. On a sudden she stopped, mounted the parapet, and I heard a splash in the river. My master did not hesitate, but plunged headlong after her. I must tell you, sir, that he could swim like a duck."

"As for me, I thought to myself, if I remain in the cabriolet, I shan't be of much use; on the other hand, as I can't swim, if I get into the water there will be two to lug out instead of one. So says I to the horse—the same I am now driving, but which was then four years younger, and had a couple of pecks of oats more in his belly—'Whoa, Coco, stand still, boy.' One would have thought the poor beast understood me, for he stood still immediately. In a moment I was at the water side."

"There was a little boat close to the shore; I jumped into it; but it was moored by a rope, and I pulled and pulled, but could not move it. Meantime, my master was diving like a cormorant. I grew desperate, and with one last effort the rope gave way, and I tumbled backward. Luckily, I fell across the bench, and as it was no time for counting the stars, was up in a second. The boat was now adrift. I looked for the oars, and found I had knocked one overboard in my fall—I pulled away with the other, but the boat turned round and

round like a top. 'Why,' says I, 'this is of no more use than a blister upon a cork leg.'"

"I shall never forget that moment, sir; 'twas dreadful. The water was so black, that the river seemed to run ink. Now and then a little wave broke, scattering its spray, and in the midst was seen either the white dress of the female, or my master's head when he came up to breathe. Once only both appeared at the same time, and I heard M. Eugène say, 'Ah! I see her.'"

"In two strokes he was at the place where the white dress had been visible an instant before—he then disappeared. I was about ten yards from them, floating on with the stream, grasping my oar as if I would crush it to atoms, and exclaiming, 'God of Heaven! why can't I swim?'"

"A moment had scarcely gone by, when my master again appeared, holding the female by the hair. She was senseless; and it was high time, not only for her, but for my master to get assistance. He had the rattles in his throat, and only just strength enough left to keep himself from sinking with his burden."

"Turning his head to see which bank was the nearest, he perceived me. 'Cantillon,' cried he, 'help!' Holding by the gunwale, I thrust out the oar to him, but he could not reach it by three feet. 'Help!' said he again; 'Cantillon, help!' A wave went over his head. I remained horror-stricken. Again he appeared, which took the weight of a mountain from off my breast. I once more held out the oar; he had come a little nearer. 'Courage, sir, courage,' said I, but he could not answer. 'Let her go,' I exclaimed, 'and save yourself.'—'No!' he replied, in a faint voice, 'I—' The water bubbled in his mouth. Merciful God! what were my feelings at that moment! Not a hair of my head was without its drop of perspiration. I was half out of the boat, straining to make the oar reach further. Everything seemed to turn round—the dark forms on the bridge, the Hotel des Gardes, and the Tuilleries, danced around me; and yet my eyes were riveted upon that head which was sinking by degrees—upon those eyes level with the water, which still looked upon me and seemed twice their natural size. At length I saw nothing but his hair; that also disappeared, and his arm alone was raised above the water, with the fingers convulsed. I made another effort, and his hand caught the oar! Ah!"

Here Cantillon wiped his brow; and I—for my feelings were intensely excited—began to breathe more freely.

"It is a true saying," the cab-driver continued, "that a drowning man would catch at a bar of red-hot iron. He grasped the oar so tightly that his nails were imprinted upon the wood. I placed it upon the gunwale, and thus forming a lever, I was enabled to raise my poor master above the water; but I trembled so dreadfully, that I feared I should lose my hold. I laid my body upon the oar, which by degrees I drew in. M. Eugène's head hung back as if he had fainted. At length I got him so near that I could seize his wrist. My heart bounded, for I was then sure of success. I held his wrist as tight as if it had been screwed in a vice; and for a week after the blue marks of my fingers were visible there."

"He had not let go the female. I dragged him into the boat, and she followed, as if she were part of him. They lay at the bottom, both equally helpless. I called to my master, but I might as well have talked to my oar. I tried to strike the palms of his hands, but they were convulsively closed, and defied my power to open them."

"I resumed my oar, and endeavored to pull toward the shore. I am but a bad boatman with two oars; but with one, it was like my breath against a tempest. When I attempted to advance on one side, the boat would turn on the other, and the current bid fair to carry us to Havre-de-Grace. Under these circumstances I thought it was of no use to be shame-faced, so I bawled out lustily for assistance."

"The coves who were in the little boat employed in fishing out the drowned and bringing them to life again, heard my cries, launched their devil's bark into the water, and in a twinkling were by my side. Having fastened my boat to theirs, in less than five minutes my master and the young girl were lying upon a floor, and covered with salt, like pickled herrings."

"They asked if I was drowned too; I said I was not; but, all the same, if they would give me a glass of brandy, it would do my heart good. My legs bent like skeins of thread."

"My master was the first to open his eyes. He threw himself into my arms. I sobbed—I laughed—I wept! What a fool a man makes of himself!"

"M. Eugène turned round and perceived the young girl, upon whom they were trying their remedies. 'A thousand thanks for you, my friends,' he said, 'if you succeed in restoring her to life. As for you, Cantillon, my friend, the saviour of my life, (I was weeping all the time,) 'bring up the cabriolet to the door.'"

"Ah!" said I, "very true, and Coco."—You may suppose I ran as if the devil had lent me speed, and got to the place where I had left both horse and cab—there were no more horse and cab there than upon the palm of my hand. Next day the police found them. An amateur had driven himself home."

"I ran back and said to my master, 'We are done as brown as a toast. The cab's gone, and the horse too.'—'Never mind,' said he, 'call a coach.' 'And the young damsel?' I asked.—'She has just moved the tip of her toe.'—'Oh! that's famous,' says I."

"So I called a called a coach, which drew up just as she came to herself, but she had not yet spoken. Off we started in the jersey. 'Coachman, Rue du Bac, No. 31; and drive as fast as you can.' But, sir, here is the house of Mademoiselle Mars."

"Is your story concluded?"

"Lord love you, sir, no; not a quarter done yet. What I have told is nothing compared with what is to come. You'll see."



And in truth there was a certain interest in what he had already related that excited my curiosity. I had only to express to our great actress my wish that I should find her as sublime in 1831 as in 1830. In the course of ten minutes I was again seated in the cabriolet.

"Well, go on with your story."

"So—where did I leave off? Oh! 'Rue du Bac, as fast as you can drive, coachman.' On the bridge our young girl fainted again. My master made me get out and bring home a doctor. When I reached home, I found that Madlle. Marie—Did I tell you that her name was Marie?"

"No!"

"Well, that was her Christian name. I found that Madlle. Marie had been laid upon a bed, and had a nurse with her. I cannot tell you how pretty she looked with her pale face, her closed eyes, her hands crossed upon her bosom. She looked like —, the more so because she was pregnant."

"Ah!" said I, "that's the reason why she wanted to drown herself."

"Yes, sir; that is just what my master said to the doctor, when the latter stated this fact, which we had not before perceived. The doctor put a smelling-bottle to her nose. I shan't forget this smelling-bottle in a hurry. The doctor had laid it upon a chest of drawers, and I, like a monstrous clever fellow, seeing that it had brought her to, concluded it must contain a delightful perfume, which would do me good as well. So I determined to take a sniff, and for this purpose hovered round the chest of drawers until I saw nobody looking. In a twinkling I pulled out the double stopper, and whipped the mouth of the bottle into one of my nostrils. Oh! what a prize I had got; it couldn't have been worse if I had sniffed up a hundred wasp stings. 'Ah! cursed bottle,' I said, 'no more tricks upon travelers; I'm up to you now!' The tears trickled down my cheeks from the effect of this devil's own smelling-bottle."

"But M. Eugène said to me, 'Never mind, Cantillon, we've saved the girl's life; the doctor says she's out of danger!' But thinks I to myself, 'what care I for the doctor?—when I'm ill, it'll not be him I send for, that's certain.'"

"Meanwhile Madlle. Marie had recovered her senses. She looked round the room, and said, 'This is strange. Where am I? This apartment is unknown to me. I answered, 'That's very possible; and for this same reason, that you never saw it before.' But my master said, 'Hush—Cantillon! then, as he understood best how to speak to the woman, he approached her, and said, 'Pray, madame, be composed. You shall receive from me the respect and attentions of a brother; and as soon as your state permits your being removed to your own home, I shall be most happy to conduct you thither.'"

"I am ill, then?" said she, with an air of surprise; then, collecting her scattered recollections: "Oh! yes, yes! I remember—I tried to—Good God! what will become of me? You, sir, have no doubt saved my life! Oh! if you knew the fatal service you have rendered me. What a prospect of misery has your humanity to an unknown female again opened to me!"

"I heard all this as I rubbed my nose, which still smarted dreadfully; but I lost not a word of what passed, and I tell you all just as it occurred. My master comforted her to the best of his abilities; but, in answer to the kind things he said, she merely uttered:

"Ah! if you but knew all! It is likely that he was at least tired of hearing always the same thing, so he bent his head and whispered in her ear, 'I know all!—You!' she exclaimed. 'Yes, you love, and have been betrayed.' 'True,' she replied, 'basely betrayed, cruelly abandoned.' 'Well,' said M. Eugène, 'place your confidence in me; you will find me worthy of it. Tell me the tale of your griefs. I ask it not from vain curiosity, but from an ardent wish to be of use to you. I trust you will no longer consider me a stranger.'"

"Oh! no," she replied; "for a man who exposes his life as you have done, must have a noble and generous heart. You, I am sure, never deserted a weak, confiding woman, leaving her no alternative between death and a life of shame and disgrace. Yes, I will tell you all!"

"But first," she continued, "allow me to write to my father, for whom I left a farewell letter in which I stated my determination, and who believes that I have accomplished it. You will, I hope, permit him to come here. Oh! if in the excess of his grief, he should have committed some rash act!—Allow me to write immediately. I feel that I can weep but in his presence, and to weep would do me so much good."

"Write then, without loss of time," said my master, bringing her pen, ink, and paper. "Ah! who would delay an instant the solemn meeting of a father and daughter impressed with the idea of an eternal separation! Write, I entreat you; lose not a second. Oh! how your unhappy father must suffer!"

"She immediately scribbled a note in a beautiful female hand, with letters like the legs of a fly. When she had done, she inquired the street and number of our house."

"Rue du Bac, No. 31," I replied.

"Rue du Bac, No. 31!" she repeated, with a start of surprise—and crack!—there was the inkstand upset upon the sheets. After an instant, she added, with a smile of melancholy resignation. "It is, perhaps, Providence that has conducted me hither." "Providences or not," thought I, "it will take a precious quantity of salts of lemon to get the ink out of the sheets."

"My master seemed astonished. 'Your surprise is natural enough,' she said; 'but when you know all, the effect produced upon me by discovering I was in this house, will no longer surprise you.' She then gave him the letter to her father."

"Cantillon," said he, "take this letter to its address." I threw a glance at it—Rue des Fossés St. Victor. 'It's a long way off, sir,' I ventured to

observe. 'Never mind,' he answered, 'take a cab, and try to be back in half an hour.'

"I was in the street in no time; a cab was passing. I jumped into it. 'Five francs,' said I to the driver, 'to take me to the Rue des St. Victor, and bring me back here again.' I should like well enough at present to have such fares myself now and then."

"We drew up before a small house. I knocked and knocked, and the portress came out grumbling. 'Ay, growl on, you old witch,' thought I; but I only said, 'M. Dumont.' 'Oh God!' she cried, 'do you bring any news of his daughter?' 'I do, and famous news, too.' 'Well, then, on the fifth floor, at the top of the staircase.' I ascended the stairs by fours at a time. The door was ajar, and I perceived an old officer, who was weeping bitterly, kissing now and then a letter, and who seemed in the act of loading a brace of pistols. 'That,' thinks I to myself, 'must be the father, or my name's not Cantillon.'

"I pushed open the door. 'I come from Madlle. Marie,' said I. He turned his head, became pale as a ghost, and exclaimed, 'Good God; my daughter!'

"Yes, sir, your daughter. Are you not Captain Dumont; and did you not serve in the army under the famous one?" He made a sign in the affirmative."

"Well, here's a letter from Madlle. Marie."

"His hand trembled as he took it, and I do not exaggerate, sir, when I say that every hair on his head stood on end, and as much water fell from his brow as from his eyes."

"She's alive!" he exclaimed, "and your master saved her from a watery grave. Lead me to her this instant, my kind friend, and take this."

"So saying, he rummaged the drawer of a small writing-desk, took from it four five-franc pieces, which seemed running one after another, and put them into my hand. I took them, lest he should feel hurt. But, looking round the apartment, thinks I to myself, 'Your pockets are not lined with gold, brave captain, and you are in greater want of the money than I.' So I turned round, and slyly placed the twenty francs behind a bust of the famous one."

"Are you ready?" said he.

"I am at your orders, captain!"

"He then ran down-stairs so fast that he seemed to be sliding along the banisters. I called out, 'Captain, I can't see my way down your dark staircase'; but I might as well have talked to the wind—he was already at the bottom."

"When we were seated in the cab, I said to him, 'Pardon my indiscretion, captain, but may I ask what you were going to do with the pistols you were loading?'

He replied with a frown:

"One of them was for a wretch whom God may pardon, but I never can."

"Good!" thinks I, "that must be the father of the child."

"The other was for myself."

"Ah! captain, is it not much better that things should have turned out as they have done?"

"It is not all over yet," he replied. "But tell me how your excellent master saved my poor Marie."

"I told him all that had passed; he sobbed like a child. The sight of this old soldier weeping would have melted a rock: the driver was blinded by his tears. 'Really, captain,' said he, 'this is very foolish; and if this poor beast had not more sense than we have, it would take us straight to the Morgue.'"

"To the Morgue!" exclaimed the captain, shuddering. "When I consider that the only hope I had left was that of finding the body of my poor Marie at the Morgue, where I fancied I saw my darling child stretched out upon the black and dripping marble. Oh! how do I bless the name of your master! it is placed in my heart beside one other dear name."

"That of the famous one, no doubt, whose bust you have at home?"

"Oh Marie!—Tell me, my friend, if she is now in danger? Can the doctor answer for her recovery?"

"Oh, sir, don't speak to me about the cursed doctor; his remedies are the inventions of the foul fiend."

"How is that? Has he then no hopes of my poor girl's recovery?"

"Plenty, sir, plenty. She is quite well. But I was alluding to my own nose."

"The captain stared at me like a stuck pig. Meantime we were going at a prodigious rate. At length the driver cried, 'Here we are.'"

"Help me, my friend," said the captain; "my legs give way under me. Where are we to go?"

"Up there, on the second floor, where you see a light, and a shadow behind the window-curtain."

"Come, come, my good friend, let us get up as fast as we can."

"Poor man! His face as white as your shirt. I put his arm within mine, and I actually heard his heart beat."

"Ah! if I should find her dead!" he exclaimed with a wild look."

"At that moment the door of M. Eugène's apartments was opened; and, two stories above us, we heard the cry of 'My father!—my dearest father!'

"It is she! it's her dear voice," said the captain, who, trembling as he was an instant before, now ran up-stairs like a young man, entered the room without looking at the person who had opened the door, threw himself upon the bed, clasped his daughter in his arms, and sobbed out:

"Marie! my beloved Marie! my own child!"

"When I reached the room, it was quite a picture to see them in one another's arms—the father rubbing his daughter's face with his lion features and old mustachios—the nurse in tears, M. Eugène in tears, and I sobbing, ready to break my heart, it was a terrible shower of tears."

"My master told the nurse and me that they must be left together, and we all three quitted the room. He then said to me in a whisper:

"Cantillon, watch M. Alfred Linar's return from the ball, and request him to come and speak to me immediately." I forthwith mounted guard upon the stairs, and said to myself, 'Ah! young one, you'll catch it.'

"A quarter of an hour had just elapsed, when I heard clump, clump, up-stairs. It was M. Alfred, who was singing as he leisurely ascended the staircase. I accosted him politely. 'Sir,' said I, 'my master wishes to speak two words to you.'"

"Cannot your master wait till to-morrow?" he replied, with a bantering air."

"It seems not, sir, as he desires to see you immediately."

"Well, where is he?"

"Here," said M. Eugène, coming down to meet him. 'Be so good, sir, as to enter this room,' pointing to that of Madlle. Marie. This was beyond my comprehension. I was dumfounded."

"I opened the door. The captain was just entering an adjoining closet, and made me a sign to wait until he was concealed. The instant he had disappeared, I said, opening the door wide, 'Walk in, gentlemen.'"

"My master pushed M. Alfred into the room, and shut himself and me out. I heard a trembling voice say, 'Alfred!' and another, as if in surprise, reply, 'Marie, are you here?'

"M. Alfred then is the father of the child," I said to my master. 'Yes,' he replied. 'Stay here with me and listen.'

"At first we only heard Madlle. Marie's voice; she seemed to be using entreaty. This lasted some time. At length we heard M. Alfred say, 'No, Marie, it is impossible. You are mad. I have it not in my power to marry you. I belong to a family who would not suffer it. But I am rich, and if money will make matters up—'

"At these words there was a devil of a row. In too great haste to open the door of the closet, the captain had burst it open with his foot. Madlle. Marie uttered a cry, and her father an oath loud enough to crack a stone wall."

"My master said, 'Let us now go in.'"

"It was time; for the captain was kneeling upon M. Alfred, and twisting his neck just as the cook twists the neck of a quail. My master separated them."

"M. Alfred rose from the ground, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his teeth convulsively closed. He cast not a look at Marie, who was still senseless, but approached my master, whose arms were crossed upon his bosom."

"Eugène," said he, 'I did not know that your apartments were the haunt of out-throats. I shall never enter them again without a pistol in each hand.'"

"It is thus I hope to see you," my master replied; 'If you came in any other way, I should take the liberty of turning you out.'"

"Captain," said M. Alfred, turning to the veteran, 'you will not, I hope, forget that I have likewise a debt to settle with you.'"

"Not only shall I not forget it, but you must pay it this instant," returned the captain."

"Be it so then."

"The day is beginning to dawn," continued Captain Dumont. 'Go and get your weapons.'"

"I have swords and pistols," said my master. "Then let them be put into a coach," replied the captain."

"I will meet you in an hour, in the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Maillot," said M. Alfred. "Agreed," replied at the same time my master and the veteran soldier. 'We will go for our seconds.' M. Alfred then went away."

"The captain hung over his still senseless daughter. M. Eugène wanted to call for assistance."

"No, no, dear friend," said the afflicted father; 'it is better she should remain ignorant of what is going to take place. Marie! dearest child! may God Almighty bless thee! If I fall, my young friend, you will avenge me, will you not, and be a protector to my child?'

"I swear it by my hopes of Heaven!" replied M. Eugène, throwing himself into the captain's arms."

"Cantillon, call a coach."

"Yes, sir. Shall I accompany you?"

"You may."

"The captain again kissed his daughter, and then calling the nurse, 'Assist in recovering her now,' said he, 'and should she ask for me, say I am gone out, and shall soon return. Come, my young friend, let us go.'"

"They then entered M. Eugène's apartment, and when I returned with the coach, they were already waiting at the street-door, the captain with pistols in his pockets, and M. Eugène with swords under his cloak."

"Coachman, to the Bois de Boulogne."

"If I fall, my friend," said Captain Dumont to my master, 'you will deliver this ring to my poor Marie. It was her mother's wedding-ring: an excellent woman, now in Heaven! Let my cross and sword be buried with me. I have no friend but you, no relative but my daughter. Do you and she follow my coffin to the grave. Let there be no one else.'"

"Why these forebodings, captain? They are rather gloomy for an old soldier."

"The captain smiled in sadness. 'All has gone wrong with me since 1815; and as you have promised to protect my daughter, it is better that her protector should be young and rich, than old and poor, as I am.'"

"He ceased speaking. M. Eugène feared to distress him by saying another word, and we arrived in silence at the place appointed."

"A cabriolet had followed us at a little distance. M. Alfred and his two seconds came out of it. One of the latter approached us."

"What are the captain's weapons?"

"Pistols."

"Remain in the coach, and take care of the

swords," said my master to me, and all five went into the wood."

"Ten minutes had scarcely passed when I heard two shots. I started as if the sound were unexpected. There was an end to one of the two adversaries, for ten other minutes expired without another report."

"I had thrown myself upon the seat of the coach, dreading to look out, when the door was suddenly opened."

"Cantillon, the swords," said my master."

"I presented them to him. He held out his hand to take them, when I perceived the captain's ring upon his finger."

"And—and—Madlle. Marie's father?" stammered I."

"Dead!"

"And these swords, sir?"

"Are for me."

"For God's sake, let me accompany you."

"Come, then, if you wish it."

"I jumped out of the coach. My heart was as small as a mustard seed; all my limbs trembled. My master again entered the wood, and I followed him. We had advanced about ten yards, when I perceived M. Alfred standing between his two seconds, laughing."

"Take care," said my master, pushing me on one side. I jumped back, for I was near treading upon the captain's body. M. Eugène cast one look at the corpse, and, advancing, threw the swords upon the ground, saying, 'See, gentlemen, if both are of the same length.'"

"You will not, then, adjourn this meeting till to-morrow?" said one of the seconds."

"Impossible."

"Be quiet, my friends, pray," said M. Alfred; 'the first combat has not fatigued me, but I should like a glass of water.'"

"Cantillon, fetch a glass of water for M. Alfred," said my master."

"I had just as much inclination to hang myself as to obey; but, M. Eugène having waved his hand impatiently, I went to the restaurateur's at the entrance of the wood. In a moment I returned and presented the water to M. Alfred, saying to myself, 'May this water be poison to thee!' He took it; his hand did not tremble, but when he returned the glass, I perceived that he had chipped off a bit of one of the edges with his teeth."

"As I turned round, and threw the glass over my head, I perceived that during my absence my master had got ready. He had nothing on but his trousers and shirt, with the sleeves of the latter tucked up to his shoulders. I approached him."

"Have you any orders to give me, sir?"

"No," replied he, 'I have neither father nor mother. If I die—' and he wrote a few words with a pencil—'you will give this paper to Marie.'"

"Again casting a look upon the captain's body, he advanced, and said:

"Come, gentlemen, let us proceed."

"But you have no second," observed M. Alfred."

"One of yours will do."

"Ernest, go on the side of M. Eugène."

"One of the seconds came on my master's side. The other took the swords, placed the two adversaries four paces from each other, put a sword in the hand of each, and, withdrawing, said, 'Go on, gentlemen.' At the same instant each advanced a step, so that their swords were engaged up to the hilt, and no use could be made of them."

"Go back a little," said my master."

"I never retreat," replied his antagonist."

"Tis well," said M. Eugène, taking a step backward, resumed his guard."

"I had ten dreadful minutes to pass. The swords twisted about each other like serpents at play. M. Alfred alone acted on the offensive. My master followed, with his eyes, the sword of his adversary, and parried with as much coolness as if he were fencing in a *salle d'armes*. I was in a foaming rage. If M. Alfred's servant had been there, I should have strangled him."

"The combat continued. M. Alfred laughed bitterly; my master was calm and collected. 'Ah!' exclaimed M. Alfred. His sword had touched my master's arm, and blood was drawn. 'It is nothing,' said the latter; 'go on.' The perspiration streamed down my face. The seconds approached. M. Eugène waved his hand for them to keep off. His antagonist took advantage of the circumstance, and lunged; my master's *parade de seconde* was an instant too late, and the blood flowed from his thigh."

"I fell upon the grass, for I could no longer stand. However, M. Eugène was as cool as before; only his open lips showed that his teeth were closed. Huge drops of perspiration stood upon the brow of his adversary, who began to show signs of weakness. My master advanced a step, M. Alfred retreated."

"I thought you never retreated?" said M. Eugène."

"M. Alfred made a feint; and M. Eugène parried with such force that the weapon of the former waved as if in the act of saluting. His bosom was thus for an instant exposed; and, quick as lightning was my master's sword buried in it up to the hilt. M. Alfred sprang out his legs only by the blade which transfixed him. He fell the moment my master drew it out."

"Have I behaved like a man of honor, gentlemen?" said the latter to the seconds. They replied in the affirmative, and went to M. Alfred's assistance. My master came to me."

"Return," said he, 'to Paris, and procure a notary. Let me find him at home on my return.'"

"If it is for M. Alfred to make his will," I answered, 'it is of no use; because—'

"It is not for that," he replied."

"But what was it for?" said I, in my turn, interrupting the cabriolet-driver."

"Why, to marry the girl, and become the father of her child!"

"And did he do it?"

"Yes, sir, and handsomely too."

"After his marriage, he said to me, 'Cantillon, my wife and I are going to travel. I should like to keep you in my service; but, to see you must give her pain, and you may easily guess why. Here are a thousand francs, and I make you a present of my horse and cabriolet. If ever you want my assistance, do not hesitate to apply to me.'"

"With this stock in trade I turned cabriolet-driver."

"Such is my story, sir. Where must I now set you down?"

"At my own door; I will pay the remainder of the visit another day."

The moment I got home I wrote down Cantillon's story.





WHITE HILLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY A. D. SHATTUCK.

## ONLY A ONE-ARMED SOLDIER.

It is only a one-armed soldier lad,  
Ladies and gentlemen, all,  
Who stands before you, erect and sad,  
One-armed, but litho and tall.  
Look well at the manly form and face,  
And mark you his humbled head:  
The first was gained in the struggle for life,  
The last in the struggle for bread.

He stands where the thoughtless crowd goes by,  
Ladies and gentlemen, all,  
With an eager look, as the moments fly,  
And the shades of evening fall.  
The pride is dead in his soldier breast,  
For his daily bread is due,  
And men will not give the one arm work  
When they can be served by two.

And so—God save the quibbling part!—  
Ladies and gentlemen, all,  
That he may not be a beggar at heart,  
He is teaching himself to crawl—  
To crawl to the curb of the busy street,  
And watch the well-dressed crowd,  
While out from the organ on his knee  
The music speaks aloud.

But the well-dressed crowd its whim obeys,  
Ladies and gentlemen, all,  
And never a word that the music says  
On their stolid ears will fall.  
They do not hear in the sad, slow notes,  
The tale of a mortal woe,  
Nor the cry of the proud and hungered man,  
Who strives with a deadly foe.

I saw that man on the battle front,  
Ladies and gentlemen, all,  
With head erect, and bearing the brunt  
Of a shower of shell and ball.  
I saw the charge, where a score of wounds  
Sent him reeling to the ground;  
And I said to myself, Whoever he is,  
No braver than he can be found.

And that was the darkest day of the strife,  
Ladies and gentlemen, all,  
When a million of men were fighting for life,  
If it please you to recall;  
When you were at home and lapped in ease,  
And, as though it were some romance,  
Were reading the news, and chatting it o'er  
Your trade, your wine or your dance.

Oh, shame for the men of an honest race!  
Ladies and gentlemen, all,  
Who can suffer the stain of this deep disgrace  
On their national honor to fall!  
Who can stand, with their careless, folded arms,  
And their hearts to justice dead,  
While the men who bled for the nation's life  
Go begging for their bread!

## The White Hills in October—From the Original Painting by A. D. Shattuck.

TWELVE years ago, upon the occasion of A. D. Shattuck's first exhibition at the National Academy of Design, in this city, we published an engraving of his picture then exhibited, "The Ford," with a prediction that the young artist would achieve excellence in his vocation. We do not claim to have been oracular, but simply to have measured the fabric of his future reputation by the foundation of fair promise then given; and the prediction has been fulfilled. Mr. Shattuck's new picture, "The White Hills in October," establishes his position as one of the best of American landscape

painters. The subject, it is true, is an inspiration, for the magnificent scenery of those grand old hills of New Hampshire might lend vigor to even a less skillful and appreciative pencil.

The artist, with admirable judgment, has selected an autumn scene, when the first frost has tinted the foliage with crimson and gold, and the mountain tops are shrouded with the early snows. The wildness, the grandeur, the silent and lonely vastness of the theme, appeal to the eyes from the glowing canvas, and leave the impression of truthfulness to nature, notwithstanding the almost fairy beauty of the rich and gorgeous coloring.

Our engraving will give some idea of this fine specimen of American art.



"ONLY A ONE-ARMED SOLDIER."

## WESTERN IDEAS OF "FUN."

A WISCONSIN paper gives the following graphic but not flattering illustration of society in Oshkosh, in the same State:

A minister from a neighboring town started to go, one day last week, on a kind of missionary enterprise. He drove his own team, and when within about six miles of the end of his journey, he met a man limping along, with the blood running down the side of his face. The minister asked him if that was the road to Oshkosh.

"Yes, you are on the right road. I just came from there. I have been up there having a little fun with the boys."

About two miles further on he met another man, one arm in a sling, one eye badly bunged, and his clothing in a dilapidated condition.

"How far is it to Oshkosh?" asked the minister.

"Only (h-i-c) five miles," answered the pitiable object. "Oshkosh is a live town. I've been up there having fun with the boys."

With a sad heart the minister drove on, falling into reverie on the depravity of man in general, and the Oshkoshians in particular, when he suddenly came upon a man sitting by the side of the road. One arm was sprained, one ear had been bitten off, and, seated by the side of a puddle of water, he was seeking relief by bathing the part affected. The minister was perfectly awe-stricken. Stopping his horse, he inquired of the man what terrible accident had befallen him.

"Oh, not any at all," faintly responded the bleeding wreck; "I have only been up to Oshkosh, having a little run with the boys."

"I suppose you mean by that that you have been engaged in some brutalizing fight," said the minister.

"Yes," said the man, "I have heard that's what they call it down at Fond du Lac, where they are civilized; but they don't call it by that name up at Oshkosh. There they call it having a little fun with the boys."

"What do you suppose your wife will say when she sees you?" asked the reverend gentleman.

At this the man looked up with a sardonic smile. Putting his remaining well hand in a pocket, he pulled out a piece of nose, a large lock of hair, to which a part of the scalp was attached, and a piece of flesh he had bitten from the cheek of his opponent, and holding them out for the minister's inspection, growled out:

"There, what do you suppose his wife will say when she sees him?"

This was a squelcher. As anxious as the minister was to overcome sin and do good, he was not yet prepared to invade the devil's stronghold; and, turning round, he returned home. The next time he starts on a missionary enterprise to the frontier of Oshkosh, he will take good care not to go alone. He likes a little fun now and then, but he don't care about having it with the boys.

THE marriageable young ladies are rapidly becoming familiar with the exercise of their privileges for this year, and in spite of the opera tickets, mint jugs, moonlight phaeton rides, and such snobbish bouquets the young gentlemen lavished upon them a few months ago, they are proving mighty rivals to masculine taste and forethought. A party of spirited girls recently determined to treat some of their male acquaintances to a grand spring-wagon ride. They invited their masculine companions, handed them into the huge vehicle, tucked them up warm in buffalo robes, and drove them swiftly and safely for a distance of eight miles, and resealed them with a luxurious dinner. This certainly was the essence of benevolence, very kind of the ladies—the poor creatures so seldom have a nice dinner, or a ride, or any other pleasure, it is so expensive; but this does not come as near our idea of propriety as the action of some ladies in Indiana, who met in convention and resolved that no young gentleman should accompany them home from church or any public gathering, unless they accompanied them to said gathering. The young men are said to be delighted with the prospect, of course. Who wouldn't be?



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

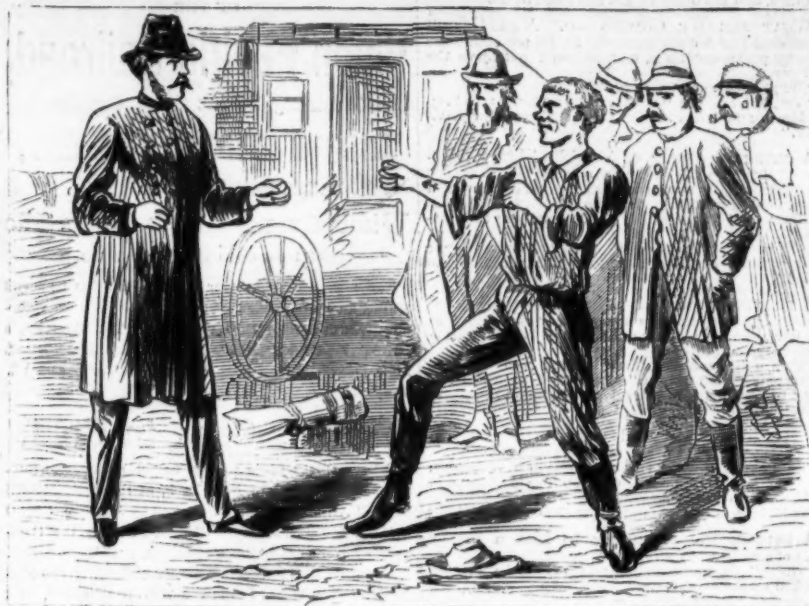
A Radical Joke.

At about five o'clock on the morning of the 27th ult., a watchman on duty around the White House at Washington had his attention drawn to a huge placard which had been posted on the door, at the main entrance to the building. Becoming excited at the proportions and prominence of the poster, he stepped up to the door, and traced with his fingers: "This House for Rent, as the present Occupant will be Ejected on or



A KU KLUX KLAN MASQUERADE AND ITS RESULT.

about the 1st of May. For Particulars, inquire at the Senate." This announcement did not serve in the least to appease the officer's curiosity; and considering that it was rather remarkable that the President's house should be defaced with handbills, he called upon one of the private secretaries, and inquired whether the



GEN. ROUSSEAU AND CURLY BILL.

Bill (chin slightly protruding): "I did." R. (drawing himself up to his full height): "Do you know who I am?" B. (no reply, but a rather contemptuous survey of the bulky anatomy of the general.) R. (crushing): "I am General Rousseau, Commander of the Department of the Columbia." B. (with affected surprise): "You don't say so!" R. (stunningly): "Yes, sir, I do." B. (impressively): "Well, then, I will just mention that I don't care a cuss who you are, what you command, or where you came from." R. (putting himself into a

wholesome scare. On reaching the house, several loud raps were given on the negro's door, and he was commanded to allow his visitors to enter his dwelling. Seeing the mysterious characters who surrounded him, and having the fear of the Ku Klux Klan before his eyes, the negro seized a gun, and through a crack in his rude structure, shot one of the young men dead, the others retreating in haste at the evidences of fight manifested. The body of the adventurer lay where he fell until the following morning, when, on stripping it



SHOCKING DEATH OF A RATTLESNAKE CHARMER.

President had ordered the placard posted on his door. He was answered in the negative, and at the same time directed to remove the "notice."

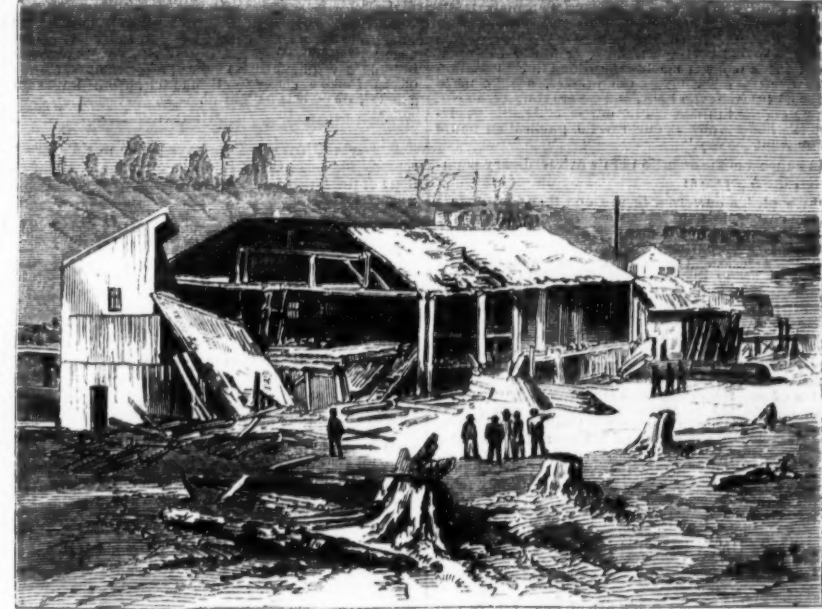
General Rousseau and Curly Bill.

General Rousseau, Commanding the Department of the Columbia, passed through Virginia City, Nevada, a few weeks ago, on his way to the capital, by the overland route. In changing stages along the route, the passengers gave the driver considerable trouble by pitching their trunks, valises and bundles into the "boot" in rather a promiscuous manner. The driver protested

fighting attitude): "I have a notion to punish your impertinence by setting your nose up." B. (sneering himself scientifically, and making a rather uninviting display of muscle): "Have you thought? That's right in my hand. You're just the man I've been looking for. Peel and roll in!" Here the driver commenced taking soundings on the general's breast, when the latter retreated, quite incontinent, within the stage, amid the hearty laughter of his fellow-travelers.

A Ku Klux Masquerade and its Results.

Two weeks ago, a party of young men, near Nashville, Tenn., dressed themselves with white sheets, high conical hats, and glaring masks, and went to the residence of a colored man for the purpose of giving him a



MILL EXPLOSION AT MANISTEE, MICHIGAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. DOWVILLE.

of its hideous disguise, it was found to be that of a respectable young fellow, who had long been a resident of the neighborhood.

Wreck of the Propeller Governor Cushman, Destroyed by Explosion in Buffalo Harbor, on the 1st Inst.

As the propeller Governor Cushman was moving out of the dock, at Buffalo, N.Y., on the morning of the 1st inst., her boiler exploded with a report that was heard a great distance, tearing the hull badly, and making the vessel a complete wreck. Eleven persons are known to have been killed by the terrible catastrophe. The vessel was valued at \$37,500, and was partially insured. She had on board a cargo of over 20,000 bushels of

and the exhibition was brought to a speedy termination.

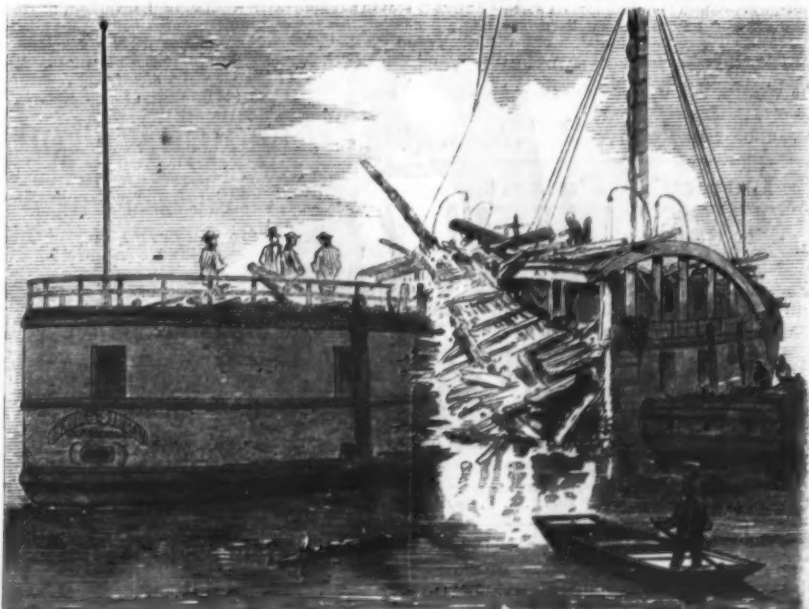
Mill Explosion at Manistee, Michigan.

A fatal boiler explosion occurred at the planing-mill of the Messrs. Green, at Manistee, Michigan, on the morning of the 23d ult. The catastrophe is supposed to have resulted from a leak of water in the boiler. The mill, which cost \$25,000, is a total loss—literally shattered and torn to pieces. The boiler was blown into several pieces, and with such force that the two ends were thrown at least sixty rods apart, and heavy timbers were hurled through the air, and scattered



A RADICAL JOKE.

against the annoyance, assuring the travelers that their baggage would be properly attended to, but all to no purpose. As General Rousseau was about stepping into the coach, he pitched a large bundle of blankets into the boot, and Curly Bill, as the driver was familiarly called, having exhausted all his patience, flung them spitefully to the ground. General Rousseau, striding forward and looking quite bull-dogged, demanded, "Who threw those blankets of mine into the mud?" Curly



THE WRECK OF THE PROPELLER GOV. CUSHMAN, DESTROYED BY EXPLOSION, MAY 1ST, 1868, IN BUFFALO HARBOR, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. E. FORD, BUFFALO, N. Y.



A FIGHT BETWEEN BALLOON PEDDLARS.

over an area of nearly a mile. A bright lad, named Gustav Nehovan, six years of age, who was returning from school, was instantly killed by a sharp rafter descending on his head, and eight full-grown men lost their lives by contusions and falling timber. All the physicians of the village repaired promptly to the spot, and did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and to extract the bodies of the deceased from the ruins.



## Shocking Death in Baltimore.

As Mr. John Brooks, a well-known bird and snake fancier, living in Baltimore, Md., was exhibiting a pet rattlesnake to some friends whom curiosity had drawn to his room, the reptile turned upon him, and bit him on the left cheek. He at once replaced the snake in its cage, and took a strong stimulant in hopes that the influence of the venom might be overcome. Growing weaker every moment, he remarked to his family that he had received a fatal injury, and desired to be carried up-stairs, that he might die upon his bed. Before his friends had recovered from the suddenness of his prostration, and while they were taking their sorrowful leave, death relieved the unfortunate man of his sufferings. Mr. Brooks had been engaged for many years in the business of stuffing and preserving of birds and animals, and had previously been bitten by reptiles, and once by the same snake that caused his death. The scene presented where the deceased lay was one not often met with. Every portion of the apartment appeared to be filled with stuffed reptiles, birds, dogs, etc., presenting the appearance of a curiosity shop. The deceased thus died as he had lived, surrounded by the varied specimens of the animal creation.

## A Fight Between Balloon Peddlers.

A few days ago two French toy-balloon peddlers worked themselves into a quarrel on Broadway, in this city; a spiteful push was followed by angry words, and the parties then came to blows. As each one endeavored to gain the mastery of his opponent, there was much scuffling and kicking, and in the midst of the confusion that ensued, one after another of the balloons became detached from the string and rose rapidly above the unflinching contestants. An officer, attracted to the spot by the sight of fifty or more red globes flying in all directions through the air, arrested the belligerents and put an end to the tragic portion of the scene, but was unable to suppress the shouts of scores of caterdemals who frisked about in high glee at the unusual ascensions.

## REMARKABLE SUCCESS IN JOURNALISM.

The New York Daily News, in an editorial, on the 29th of last month, that day being the first anniversary of its establishment as a one-cent evening journal, claims a larger circulation than any daily newspaper in the land; and, with the exception of two—one in London and another in Paris—of any in the world.

"Our magnificent new mammoth high-lying Hoe's press will print 24 copies of the Evening News at every revolution, making 36 revolutions a minute. This amounts to 864 copies a minute, or 51,840 copies an hour. The monster machine, working in combination with our two other mammoth presses, enables us to print 86,400 copies an hour, and we are thus capable of supplying the full demand for our several editions, giving the latest news at our several publication hours throughout the day."

In support of the assertion of its extraordinary popularity, the News says:

"We pledge ourselves to pay one thousand dollars to any charitable institution, to be designated by any party that may accept our offer, if the circulation of the Evening News is not larger than that of any daily newspaper in America. The affidavit of any and all of our employees as to the service of the public to demonstrate the facts in the case, with whatever further testimony it is in our power or in the power of others to furnish. Be it understood that we do not allude to the circulation of one day's issue; let the average circulation of the past month, or the month to come, or of any month within the last quarter year or the next quarter year, be taken, and we will abide by the decision of any respectable and trustworthy parties that may be selected to examine the proofs and render judgment. We make the proposition in good faith, and we hope that some of our contemporaries will enter into the investigation; or, at least, if they fail to do so, that they will not dispute our claim that the Evening News has by far the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in America."

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"WHERE are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Brown.

"Home, sir—home; don't detain me. I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. J., with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"

"Well, yes," growled Jones; "I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

"Are these pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-dealer, with whom he was negotiating for "a gift for his fair."

"Yes, sir," said the bird-dealer, confidently; "I raised them 'ere birds from the very best canary-seed!"

An old gentleman was relating a story of one of the St. Lawrence batmen: "He is a hard head," said he; "for he stood under an oak in a thunder-storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he lodged it seven times; when, finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched."

Why is oak the worst wood of which to make a wooden leg? Because it produces a corn.

"What's the matter?" said a stranger to a crowd that had surrounded a black fellow, in anticipation of the purpose of carrying him on board a whaling-ship.

"Mister? Matter enough!" exclaimed the victim. "Pressing a poor negro to get oil!"

A SHREWD little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, saluted his master by the following translation: Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man-trap.

A CELEBRATED physician, who was given to innocent rallery, called to his destitute servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, and told him that he had left him something that would make him drink. The servant concluded that something handsome had been left to him; but his disappointment was great in finding that his legacy consisted of nothing but a red herring!

The younger and most boisterous portion of a congregation, located in a quiet neighborhood, succeeded in procuring an organ for their church. The old pillars shook their heads ominously, and dreadful calamities were prophesied. One Monday morning, a staid dairywoman rushed to the parson, and ordered the terrible machine to be taken from the place, because on the day previous it had imitated thunder so naturally, that it curdled all the milk for five miles around!

A BISHOP, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for intention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded:

"Why, I do read my Bible, my lord; but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles going a-shooting."

"No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

WHAT'S the difference between the manner of the death of a barber and a sculptor? One curls up and dies, and the other makes faces and busts.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO.—A gentleman being asked by a clergyman why he did not attend the evening prayer-meetings, said he could not leave the children.

"Why, have you no servants?"

"Yes," he replied; "we have two servants who keep the house and board us, but we are allowed few privileges."

A CLERK in charge of a public library commented thus on a work taken by a young lady:

"Pocahontas was a great man; Pocahontas was a noble, kind-hearted, and true man."

"Hold on," said the lady; "Pocahontas was a woman."

"She was, eh?" said he; "well, that's just my luck; but how am I expected to know? I never read the Bible!"

A BURYING-GROUND has just been dedicated in a little village that has sprung up "in a night" in Missouri, and the following notice may be read on the fence at the entrance:

"This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but three living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

"WHEREVER you find many men you will find many minds," exclaimed a public speaker.

"Tain't so, by jingo," responded one of his auditors; "if you only ask this whole crowd out to take a drink, you'd find 'em all of one mind."

The lecturer was unwilling to try the experiment.

A SAILOR, in attempting to kiss a pretty girl, got a violent box on the ear.

"There," he exclaimed, "just my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs."

It was only while taking our summer vacation that we learned that sounds, though proceeding from the same distance, do not travel with equal rapidity. A call for dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

GENTLEMEN resident in or visiting the city of New York should not neglect a visit to the establishment of Union Adams, at 637 Broadway, where they will find a splendid assortment of new spring goods, consisting of Roman scarfs and ties, hosiery, gloves, and other articles of gentlemen's apparel, of a quality and at prices that cannot fail to be satisfactory to the most fastidious and the most economical purchasers.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.

## S. T.—1860.—X.

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Or whether with sudden dash, seize a bottle of PLANTATION BITTERS, And, as Gunther swears, be myself a man again.

Gunther said my eyes were sorrow, My visage haggard, my breath tremendous bad, My disposition troublesome—in fact, He gently hinted I was fast becoming Quite a nuisance.

Four bottles now beneath my vest have disappeared, My food has relish, my appetite is keen, My step elastic, my mind brilliant, and Nine pounds, avoirdupois, is added to my weight.

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Treasurer, New York.

April 10, 1868.

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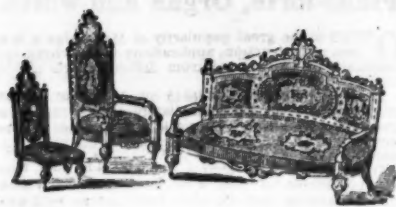
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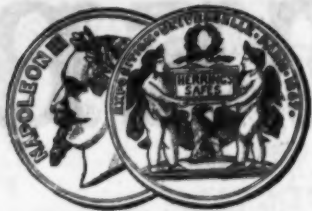
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